

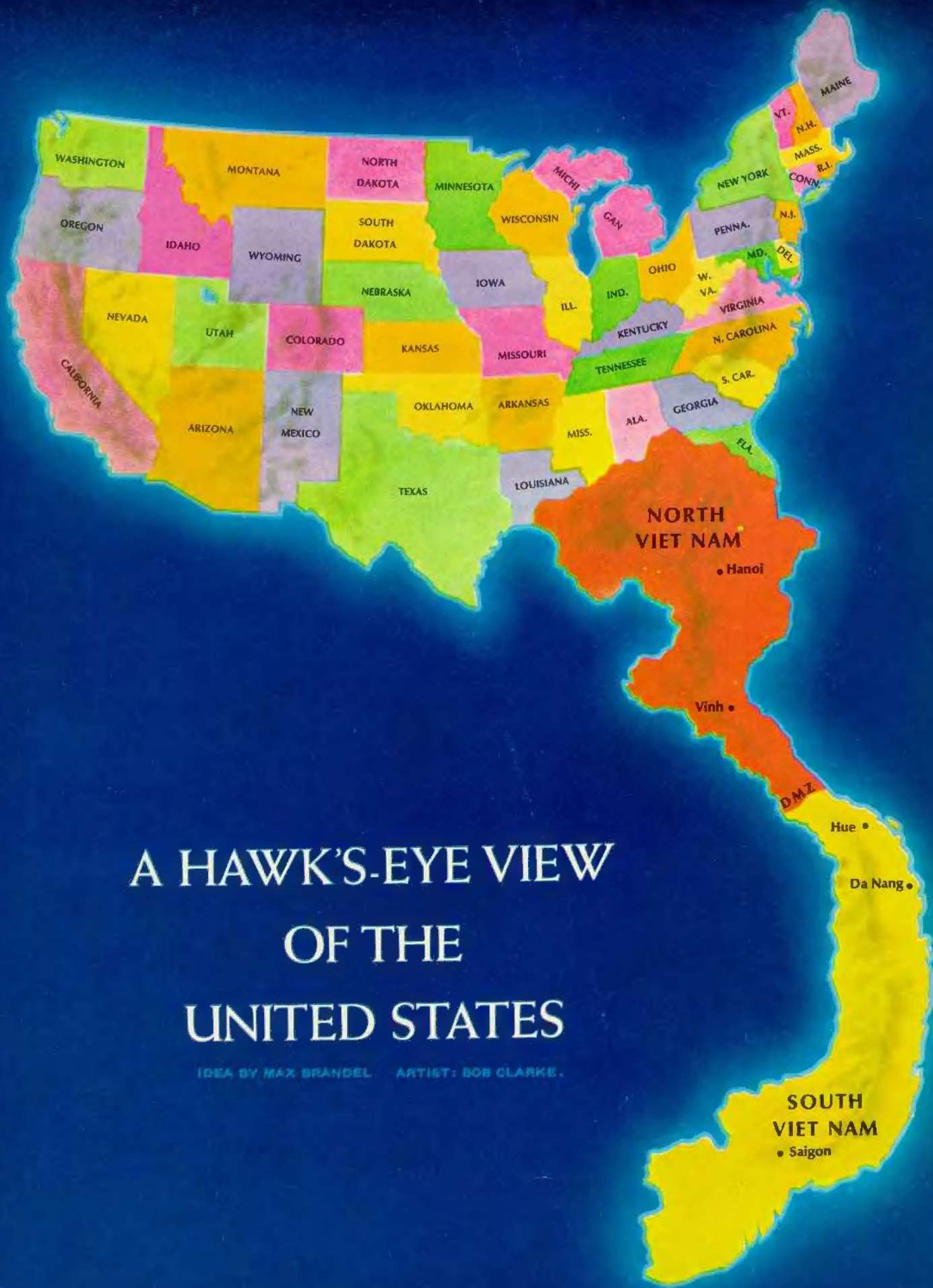
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128  
July  
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# A HAWK'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL ARTIST: BOB CLARKE.



# MAD

"Mini-skirts are getting so short these days, there's probably more cotton in the top of a bottle of aspirin!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

*the usual gang of idiots*

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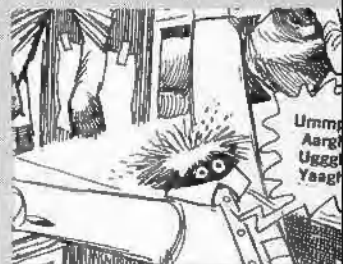


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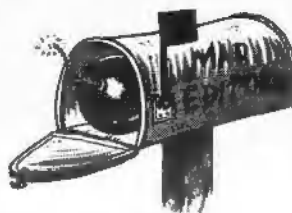
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### LETTERS DEPT.



#### "WHO NEEDS YOU" COVER

To paraphrase your latest cover (#126), "Who Needs MAD Magazine?!"

Robert Zych  
Champaign, Ill.

#### A MAD LOOK AT FRUSTRATION

Your article entitled "A MAD Look At Frustration" was hilarious. At the same time it was frustrating. There wasn't enough of it!

Steve Levine  
Whitestone, N.Y.

My congrats to Jack Kent and Paul Coker for "A MAD Look At Frustration". Your whole mag blows my mind, but this article was too much. Except that Jack forgot the most frustrating thing of all . . . mainly not being able to fold the "MAD Fold-In" accurately!

George Winship  
Spokane, Wash.

#### FOOTBALL LOWLIGHTS

"Football Lowlights" was really great! It scores an extra point for MAD!

Tom Stanton  
Tehran, Iran

#### BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN AIRPORT

Your "Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport" was a truly great piece of work. Ironically enough, everything in it was true!

Kathleen Dornburgh  
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Somebody goofed! In your introduction to "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport", you said it was the fourth installment. It's only your third! Now, how about "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At MAD Magazine"?

Paul Menes  
Los Angeles, Calif.

#### MAD TEACHING AID

Just thought I'd let you know that I am an English teacher and along with Rod McKuen and Judy Collins records, I use MAD in my teaching. Nothing illustrates satire, understatement, hyperbole, rhyme scheme (scream), pun, etc. better. Thanks for the teaching aid.

J. P. Luby  
Benton, Miss.

#### FAMILIAR AFFAIR

Well, Mort Drucker and Stan Hart did it again with "Familiar Affair" (#126). I almost fell out of my tree laughing!

Gidget Goransson  
Lambertville, Mich.

I would like to pat you warmly on the back for turning a disgusting, nauseating Television program such as "Family Affair" into a thoroughly enjoyable, laughable satire like "Familiar Affair"! Mort Drucker's art was sensational.

Natalie Callander  
Groton, Mass.

"Familiar Affair" was unique for MAD. It really stunk. Creating such an atrocity is an "UNfamiliar Affair" for you guys. Better luck next time.

Perry G. Brown  
Bronx, N.Y.

You've done it again! You've taken something as sweet and pure and innocent and lovable and warm and humble and . . . SICKENING as "Family Affair", and you've knocked it! That's UN-AMERICAN! My compliments to Stan Hart and Mort Drucker.

Dave Cohen  
Highland Park, N.J.

In my neighborhood, video tapes of "Family Affair" are chopped up and used as a non-coloric sugar substitute. My congratulations to MAD for showing us the validity of our actions.

E. J. Martin  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Your "Familiar Affair" was a familiar failure!

Richard Rubenstein  
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Congratulations on taking another big step forward toward the elimination of dumb TV Shows! Long live MAD!

Bruce Jacobs  
Rochester, N.Y.

#### YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WHEN THEY SMILE

You're in trouble whenever you buy MAD . . . because Alfred E. Neuman is always smiling at you.

John Lavet  
Los Angeles, Calif.

You're in trouble when the Newsstand Dealer smiles at you after you've bought MAD . . . because he knows you just wasted thirty-five cents on garbage.

Ronnie Gardner  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're in trouble if you smiled at "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" because "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" was a rotten article.

Bob Levin  
St. Paul, Minn.

#### HUGH VS. HELEN

"A MAD Look at Hugh vs. Helen" was very urbane, clever, and showed those two characters up for what they really are—a couple of major influences in making our "Sick Society" what it is.

Sally Morrison  
West Hartford, Conn.

I feel absolutely ENSHRINED!

Helen Gurley Brown  
New York, New York

#### DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS

I think that Sergio Aragones's "Drawn-Out Dramas" are the best things in your magazine. I laugh so much at these little marginal cartoons that I never get around to reading the rest of the magazine.

E. Meyers  
Winnetka, Ill.

#### A TYPICAL SUCCESS STORY

I strongly resent your derogatory references to the bassoon in your "Typical Success Story Of The Past". As the second bassoonist in the Taylor-Allerdice High School Band, I have already given the bassoon a bad enough name. And there was no need to say that a bassoonist requires a big mouth. The students at Taylor-Allerdice High School have already discovered that fact.

Steven M. Segal  
2nd Bassoonist  
Taylor-Allerdice H.S.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### THE BEAT GENERATION

I must commend you on your back cover to issue #126, "The Beat Generation". It certainly points up the resentments most people, including the police, have for anyone with long hair and sandals.

Kenneth Glickman  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I think MAD's back cover was totally uncalled for and completely inexcusable. Anyone silly enough to wear long hair and funny clothes deserves to be put down by the police or anybody else that cares what our great country is coming to.

Phillip Stevens  
Easthampton, Mass.

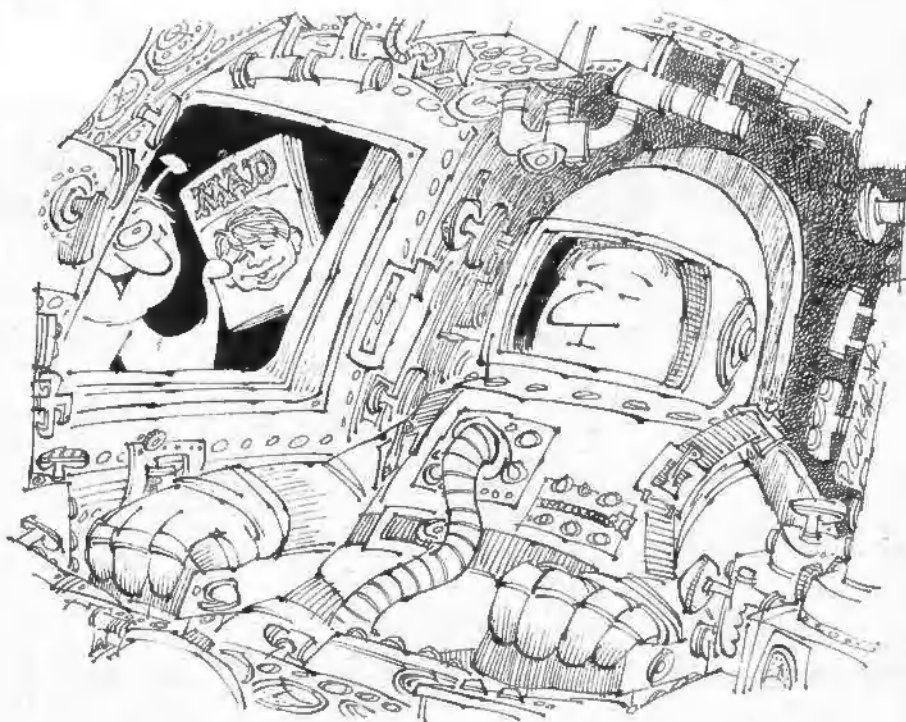
#### WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

I would like to congratulate MAD for its lonely literary crusade against the evils of tobacco. Thanks to you guys, today's youth no longer feels inclined to experiment with nicotine and tars the way I did. Instead, they're consoling themselves by smoking "pot"! You've done a great job!

Benedict W. Boujsgewski MM3  
USS Enterprise CVA (N) 65  
FPO San Francisco

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# 6%

INTEREST

Yes, it looks like only about 6% of our readers are interested in owning full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman...suitable for framing, or training puppies. The other 94%, it seems, would prefer to keep their money in the bank, (where it earns 5% interest!) instead of mailing in 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9 or \$2.00 for 27 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022





# POT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW DEPT.

Every year, "The Wizard Of Oz" is shown on television, and every year, millions of viewers are enchanted by the story of a teenage girl who loses touch with reality, takes a wild trip and meets a lot of way-out characters. In 1939, when the movie was made, it was called a "fantasy". Today . . . it would be real. And so, with many apologies to the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsman and the Cowardly Lion, MAD presents an up-dated version of "The Wizard Of Oz" . . . namely:

# THE

Dorothy, you're a disgrace! Last week, we caught you smoking bananas behind the barn! Yesterday, you tried to organize a "Love-In" at the 4-H Club! And today, you and the hired hands sang Anti-Establishment songs and burned down the outhouse! Your uncle was furious!

Furious?  
Why?

Because he was inside at the time!

What's the matter with you? Why can't you be a normal, healthy, wholesome Kansas farm girl like Judy Garland was in "The Wizard of Oz"?

Cut the corn, Aunt Em! That was thirty years ago! In this musical, I represent the typical teenager of today! And if I had the bus fare, I'd blow this hick joint in two minutes! Now beat it, you old Biddy, so I can sing my big solo!



M. G. TUCKER



# GURU OF OURS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

\*Some... day...  
With an insane glow,  
I'll get high...  
And I'll freak out until my  
Brain starts to petrify!

Some... day...  
With an insane glow,  
I'll turn on...  
And the trip I'll be taking  
Will mean my mind is gone!

Some day I hope that I'll be hooked  
On something better than a cooked  
Banana!  
I'll tune in on that "Mystic" bit  
And groove it till at last I hit  
My own... Nir-van-a!

Some... day...  
With an insane glow,  
I will fly!  
Cool chicks have an insane glow—  
Why, then, oh, why can't I?



What's happening, Toto? I must be  
zonked! It feels as though the whole  
house is being lifted off the ground!



And now we're being carried up into  
the sky, and we're spinning through  
the air at, like, 500 miles an hour!



And now we're dropping! We're  
plummeting back to earth again!





Man! What a high! Where am I, anyway?

A tornado twister dropped you right into the middle of our Protest Rally!

A twister?! And I thought I was flipping from the bananas!

Who are you cats?

We're the students of Munchkin University!

And we think that you're the grooviest chick we've ever seen!

Because you just landed on our Dean!

And now, our mean old Dean is through!

\* Hoo-Hah! The Dean is through! ✓  
Which old Dean? Our mean old Dean! ✓  
Hoo-Hah! Our mean old Dean is through!

No time for feeling blue! ✓  
Burn your books! Your Draft Cards, too! ✓  
Hoo-Hah! Our mean old Dean is through!

We won't have to go to class! ✓  
We'll all ... turn on with grass! ✓  
And we ... will never "Yessir"! ✓  
An-y fink professor!

Break down the doors and shout! ✓  
Grab a chick! Let's all make out! ✓  
All because our mean old Dean is through!

\* Sung to the tune of "Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead!"

You've done us a big favor, Dorothy! Now what can we do for you?

I'm looking for the Big Freak-Out! I want to groove in on that Cosmic High and rap with the Universal Oom! But I don't know where it's at!

You oughta get the Guru to help you!

The Guru? Who's he?

He's the biggest "Head" of them all, and he lives in Underground City!

How do I get there?

All you do is—

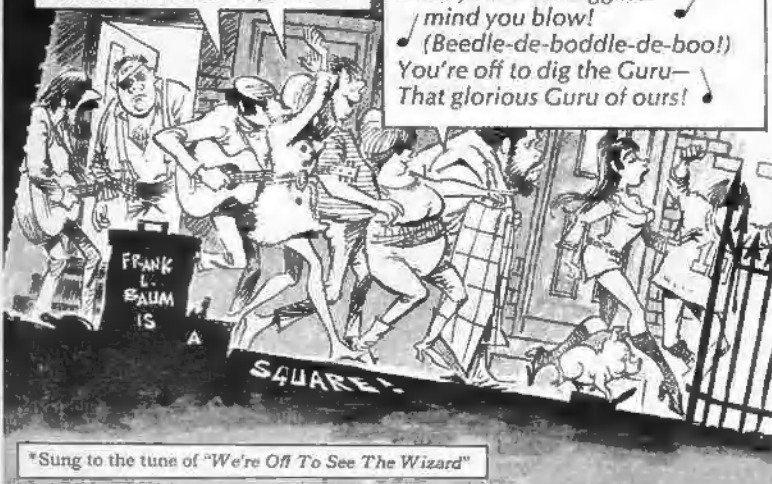
\* Follow the Dirty Dark Street!  
Follow the Dirty Dark Street!  
Follow, follow, follow, follow!  
Follow the Dirty Dark Street!  
Follow the Dirty Dark—  
Follow the Dirty Dark—  
Follow the Dirty Dark Street!

\* Sung to the tune of "Follow The Yellow Brick Road"



\* You're off to dig the Guru—  
The glorious Guru of ours!  
The thing he's got  
Is better than pot  
And full of fantastic powers!

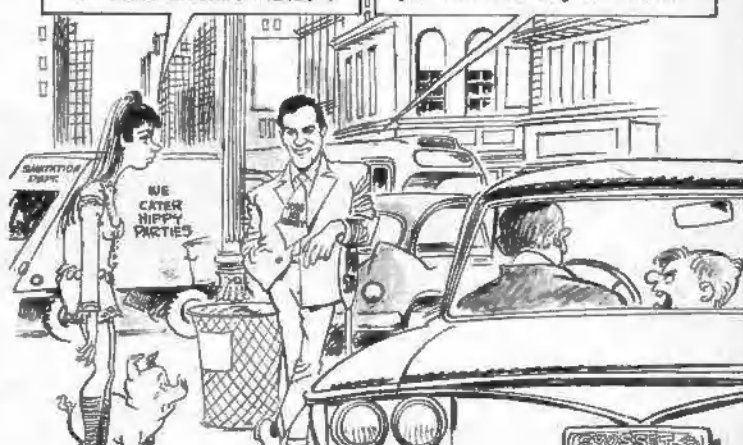
If you want to spin like a U.F.O.  
The Guru of ours will make it so—  
We know, we know, we know,  
we know, we KNOW—  
Until your furshlugginer  
mind you blow!  
(Beedle-de-boddle-de-boo!)  
You're off to dig the Guru—  
That glorious Guru of ours!



\* Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"

We've been walking for  
an hour, Toto! I hope  
we're going in the right  
direction! Let's ask that  
man over there who's chewing  
gum and counting "Out-  
Of-State License Plates"!

Hiya, kid! How's tricks? Hot  
enough for you? Whaddya hear  
from the mob? How about you  
and me putting on the old  
feedbag? Let's paint the town  
red! What good is money if  
you don't have your health?



Good grief!  
You are  
thoroughly  
"square"!

Yeah (choke)!  
I know! That's  
been my trouble  
my whole life . . .

\* At a Howard Johnson's, eating,  
You'll find me there, repeating  
Those jokes no one can bear;  
At tall buildings I'm gaping  
'Cause there just ain't no escaping  
That I'm nothing but a Square!

At conventions, by the hour,  
I squirt my water-flower  
Like a Legionnaire;  
I'm a sure-fire sensation  
With my Bert Parks imitation—  
'Cause I'm nothing but a Square!

When I . . .  
Go out to buy,  
I really have a ball!  
I choose my Spring  
wardrobe in the Fall,  
When there's a sale . . .  
At Robert Hall!



\* Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Brain"



All my ties say, "Kiss Me, Honey!"  
I bought them with good money  
While seeing the World's Fair—  
In the dark, they are glowing;  
It's another way of showing  
That I'm nothing but a square!

You see,  
it's hope-  
less! You  
can't fight  
City Hall!  
I'm a total  
Square

Don't say that! I'm going  
to Underground City to dig  
the Guru! Why not come  
along? Maybe he can change  
you so you won't be a  
Square any more!

Sounds swell,  
honey! Just  
let me pull  
up my orange  
argyles, and—

We're off to dig the Guru—



Golly, this is  
certainly a  
long street!  
I sure hope  
we're not lost!

Well, a  
rolling  
stone  
gathers  
no moss!

Maybe that man  
over there with  
his nose pointed  
in the air can tell  
us exactly where  
we are . . . ?



Please, sir—I wonder if you can help us...?

How dare you talk to me! I don't know you, and even if I did, I wouldn't talk to you! Now remove yourself from my section of sidewalk, or I'll have you arrested, you presumptuous little snit!

Oooh! Are you nasty!

Of course I am, and with good reason—

\* I was born to a tradition  
That gives me a position  
Above the common mob;  
And I hope you're adjusting  
That I find you quite disgusting,  
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

All the Lower Class is stinking;  
Sometimes I'm even thinking  
Bill Buckley is a slob;  
I don't kiss girls I'm dating—  
It might be contaminating,  
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

But, oh...  
There's one I know  
Who fills my heart with glee—  
The one person whom I love to see;  
Who can it be?  
Who else but me?

\*Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Heart"

With the dough I got  
from Father,  
I find that work's  
a bother;  
I've never had a job!  
Roll-On Ban  
I'm not getting—  
I'm too elegant  
for sweating,  
'Cause I'm nothing  
but a Snob!

So you see...  
there's  
nothing  
I can do  
about it!

Sure there is! You can come  
with us to dig the Guru in  
Underground City! He's got  
fantastic powers and he just  
might be able to make a real  
human being out of you!

Well, if  
you can  
stand me,  
I guess I  
can stand  
you, so—

We're off to see  
the Guru—

Look at  
that  
strange  
fellow  
ahead of  
us carving  
his initials!

What's  
so  
strange  
about  
that?

He's  
carving  
them  
on a  
bum!

Did anyone ever tell  
you that you look  
like a second-rate  
hoodlum in a third-  
rate movie made by a  
fourth-rate studio?

Sure, but you gotta  
remember... I'm  
trying to overcome  
a basic hereditary  
deficiency—I'm  
just plain rotten!

\* In the hottest Summer weather,  
I'm dressed in boots and leather  
With Levis tightly shrunk;  
And I feel brave and reckless  
When I wear my Nazi necklace,  
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!

On my motorcycle, racing,  
You'll find me often chasing  
Some poor and helpless drunk;  
When his head I am breaking,  
There is surely no mistaking  
That I'm nothing but a Punk!

Yes, I...  
Am one tough guy  
Who other folks  
obey!  
I took on a kid  
the other day—  
One punch  
from me...  
She ran away!

When a teacher says I bug him,  
I just haul off and slug him;  
I guess that's why I flunk!  
Though I fail, still I bear up—  
The whole school I simply tear up,  
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!

\*Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had The Nerve"



Why don't you come with us and dig the Guru? Maybe he can change you from a maladjusted unpopular discontented punk!

Yeah! Into a well-adjusted, popular, contented punk!

Heck... why not?! Gi'me a minute to roll up my bullwhip and—

We're off to dig the Guru—

**UNDERGROUND CITY**  
**HOME OF THE GURU**  
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Meditations—Yoga—Plaid Stamps

Well, here we are, Dorothy! What do you think of it?

It all seems so HOLY!

Oh, great Guru! We bow to your fantastic powers! Show us the way to Nirvana so we can gain inner peace, attain eternal happiness, and blow our minds!

Start with me, Guru! Why am I such a Square?

It's your clothes, Square Man! They're garish and loud and laughable! What you need are the **NEW** fashions—namely an up-to-date wardrobe from my company—Guru Men's Wear, Inc.

But these clothes are just as garish and loud and laughable as my old ones!

Of course they are! But now, instead of being a "Square", you are "Mod"! No longer will people jeer at you! Instead, they'll admire you as being one of the "In" crowd!

That will be Six Hundred Dollars, please!



What about me, Guru? How can I stop being a Snob?

Your trouble, Snob Man, is your devotion to material things! It does not allow for love to come into your life! You must look for a new set of values! You must **GIVE AWAY** all of your stocks and bonds and possessions!

Naturally, you must give them to a worthy cause—namely, "The Guru Foundation For Contemplation Of His Navel!"

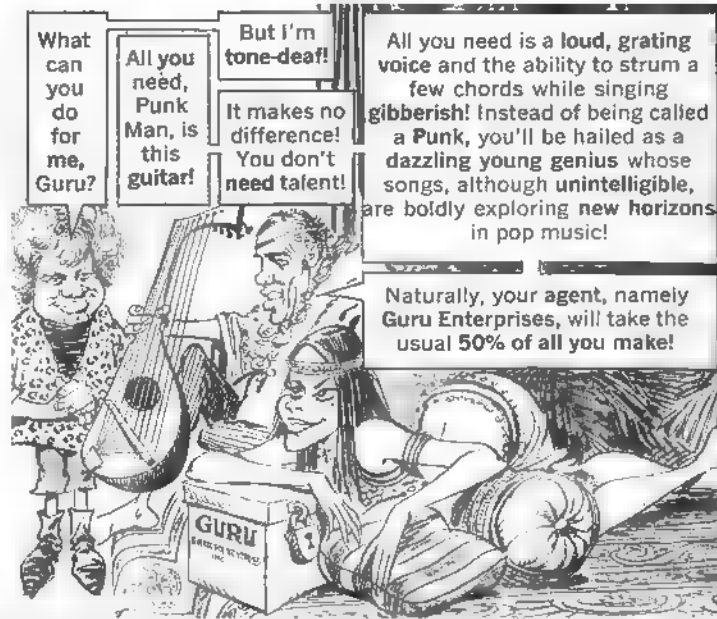
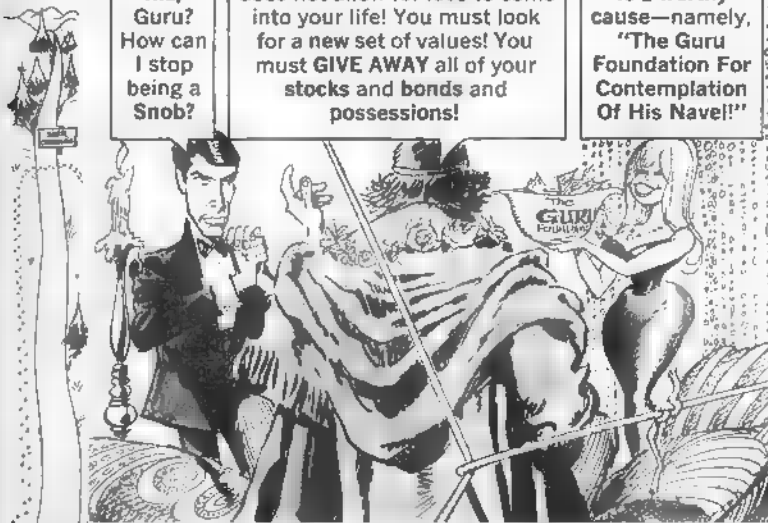
What can you do for me, Guru?

All you need, Punk Man, is this guitar!

But I'm tone-deaf!  
It makes no difference! You don't need talent!

All you need is a loud, grating voice and the ability to strum a few chords while singing gibberish! Instead of being called a Punk, you'll be hailed as a dazzling young genius whose songs, although unintelligible, are boldly exploring new horizons in pop music!

Naturally, your agent, namely Guru Enterprises, will take the usual 50% of all you make!



What about me, Guru?  
I want to get high  
with an insane glow  
and blow my mind and  
find Nirvana! How  
can you help me?

You, my dear, will move in with  
me where we can meditate in private!  
Together, we shall reach new heights  
of transcendental bliss and penetrate  
the sensual mysteries of the universe!

In other  
words,  
you're a  
dirty old  
man on the  
make!

And a schemer!

And a con man!

And a fake!

Naturally!! Who do you think is  
behind all the new-wave  
garbage of today? Who do you  
think is promoting those  
paintings of Brillo boxes that  
are called "art"; that ear-  
shattering din that is called  
"music"; those dull, mind-  
rotting movies that are  
called "art films"?

ME—that's who! It's the biggest put-on  
of all time, and it's given me the  
purest Nirvana of all . . . namely MONEY!!

\* I promote those Fashions ghoulish,  
Those Art-Films trite and foolish,  
That "In Folk" all applaud;  
With the greed of a vulture  
I keep cashing in on culture  
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

I'm the man who's masterminding  
The Pop Art that's so blinding—  
Its sale should be outlawed!  
Though it's trash, I won't knock it  
While the profits line my pocket,  
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

All day . . .  
I sit and pray—  
And though it may seem odd,  
I tell my disciples I've met God,  
Would you believe  
He's going Mod?

While this "Holy" bit I'm faking,  
A bundle I am making  
From suckers who are awed;  
And I hope you won't tattle  
That I'm really from Seattle  
And I'm nothing but a fraud!

\*Reprise—sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Brain"

Well,  
Guru,  
we've  
made our  
decision!

You're  
going to  
expose  
me?

Heck, no! We're  
going to join you!  
Where else can we  
make our pile so  
easy! Right, gang?

Right!

\* We're glad we dug the Guru—  
That greedy old Guru of ours!  
He's on the make  
And such a big fake,  
He even wears phony flowers!

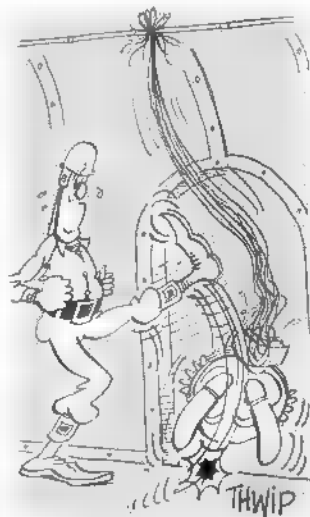
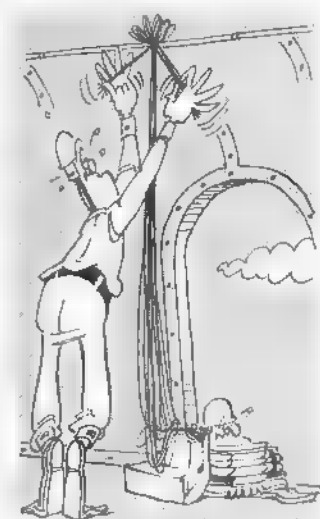
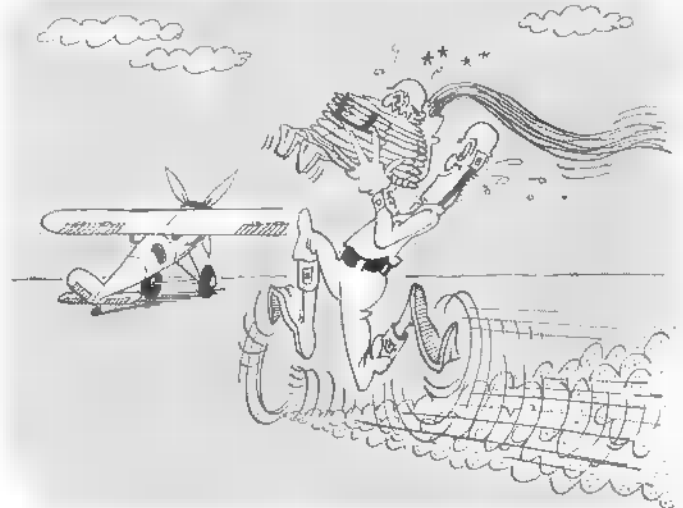
We don't give a darn  
how he makes his dough!  
As long as we see our profits grow  
And grow, and grow, and grow,  
and grow, and GROW—  
As merrily off to the bank we go!  
(Bee-dle-de-boddle-de-boo!)  
We're glad we dug the Guru—  
That greedy old Guru of ours!

\*Reprise—sung to the tune of  
"We're Off To See The Wizard"





# On A Saturday Afternoon



THERE ARE MANY STRANGE ANIMALS AND WEIRD BIRDS AROUND THESE

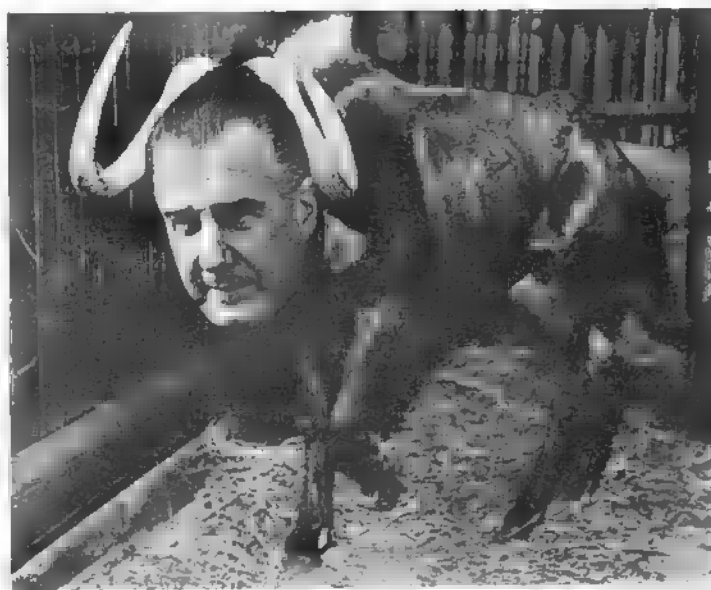
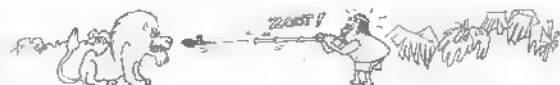
# A MAD NATURE



## THE BLUE JANE

(*Exhibitionis flauntus*)

Because of her blue characteristics, it is not surprising that the Blue Jane is considered a rather off-color bird. Once native to the United States, she now flits about the world, spreading her wings and making wild, unpredictable flights. Several times a year, she sheds her feathers in public, which causes a great sensation. For the Blue Jane, this seems to be a bare necessity. Small wonder that she is one of the great favorites of bird-watchers everywhere.



PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.  
WIDE WORLD

## THE AGNU

(*Blunderus Politicus*)

Until recently, the Agnu was little known and rarely seen outside his small preserve in the Eastern part of the U. S. Today, however, he is a national creature and a household word. The Agnu makes great attempts to move forward, but has to spend much of his time back-tracking to make sure where he's at. An awkward beast, he often stumbles while trying to decide to move to the right or the left. Some people feel that the Agnu should not be allowed to roam wild due to his susceptibility to hoof-in-mouth disease.



## THE BURTONS OF PARADISE

(*Celebritus Sickenus*)

The Burtons of Paradise believe that they are the most beautiful creatures in the forest. Because of this, they spend much of their time strutting and prancing about,

showing off their plumage. The female of this species has been known to switch mates in the past, and it is rare to see her nesting with the same male for more than a few seasons. The feathers of the Burtons of Paradise are gold, which is also their favorite color. Despite their flashy brilliance, they are not above laying an occasional egg.

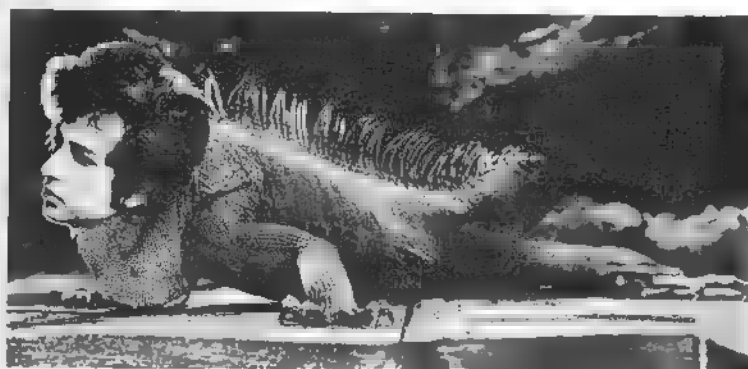


DAYS. IN ORDER TO HELP YOU IDENTIFY THEM, WE NOW PRESENT . . .

# E STUDY GUIDE

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



## THE DYLA MONSTER

(*Raucus Incomprehensibus*)

The Dyla Monster is not a monster at all; he just looks that way. Actually, he is an intelligent creature with a very important message, but he is unable to communicate it normally. So the message comes across as an incoherent rasping whine. The Dyla Monster lets his hair grow wild so he won't resemble his enemies, the Fat Cats (*Squarus Conformi*), whom he hates because of their considerable wealth, status and material possessions. Today, the Dyla Monster is an exalted creature who has managed to gather up considerable wealth, status and material possessions.



## THE DODO

(*Hollywoodus Innocuous*)

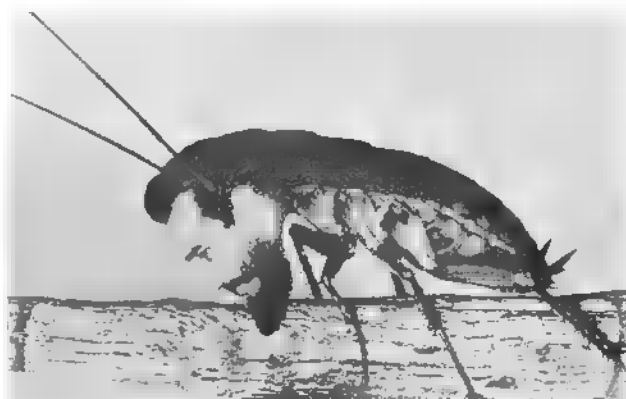
Pity the poor Dodo! Once she was able to fly gracefully, often reaching majestic heights. But now, she is losing her plumage and every attempt fails to get her off the ground. However, despite her disappointments, the Dodo still fusses about on the ground, hopping aimlessly and spreading herself thin. The Dodo lives on a diet of fame, which she believes makes her ageless. This, of course, is impossible, since everyone knows that the Dodo is extinct.



## THE HIPPOPOTAMAO

(*Peipingus Perilous*)

The Hippopotamao is a fearsome beast who lives by himself behind a curtain of bamboo. Full of fears and suspicions, he bellows constantly about his most hated enemy, the sly Chiangaroo (*Taiwanus Offshoreus*). Because of the immense size of the Hippopotamao, he has a ravenous appetite and will attack and swallow up any smaller animal that lives close to his lair. Oddly enough, one attack seldom satisfies him and an hour later he is hungry to attack again.



## THE CASTROACH

(*Revolutionus Infectus*)

This irritating pest might have been eliminated when he first appeared some years ago, but somehow he managed to survive, due mainly to ineffective or weak insecticides. Now, the Castroach is a rapid and persistent breeder, and it is feared that he may be infesting the underdeveloped areas around him. The pest thrives in hot climates, thanks to scraps of food tossed his way by his overfed cousin, the Red Starantula (*Kremlis Insidious*). When threatened, the Castroach emits a series of horrible cries which can last for several hours and cause death by sheer boredom.





## THE TINY TIMPANZEE

(Tiptoeus Tulipus)

Of all the creatures, the Tiny Timpanzee is the kindest and the most thoughtful. He seems to be willing to make himself look ridiculous in order to please his admirers, contorting his face foolishly and uttering weird, high-pitched giggles. When other creatures laugh at him, the Tiny Timpanzee just smiles, because secretly he knows he is bringing happiness to people. He also smiles because secretly he knows he is pulling down 5000 bananas a week.



## THE SNOUTED FROG

(Pompus Obnoxious)

The Snouted Frog is a durable creature who stays alive by feeding on his own ego. He usually can be found sitting proudly on his own lily pad in the middle of a small lake called the "Common Pond", croaking loudly how democratic he is while simultaneously kicking out any creature that he doesn't want around. Periodically, the Snouted Frog will leave his lily pad in order to stir up the waters in other ponds. At such times, he puffs himself up to twice his normal size by using his unlimited supply of hot air.



## THE GAMEL

(Egyptus Absurdus)

The Gamel is noted for his large hump, without which he could not function since it contains his brain. The Gamel is often referred to as "The Lip of the Desert". This is because of the strange ritual he performs every few years. Bellowing an awful roar, he can be seen tearing across the desert to attack his enemies. Then, three or four days, he can be seen bellowing another awful roar and tearing back across the desert to where he started. So it is not at all surprising that the Gamel is considered a backward creature.



## THE POWELL CAT

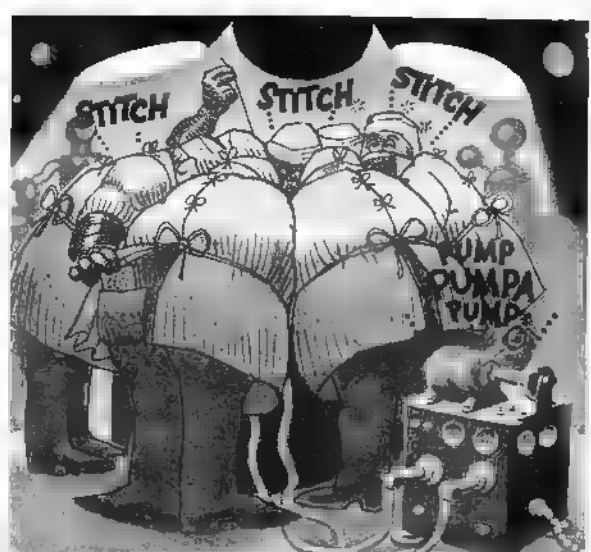
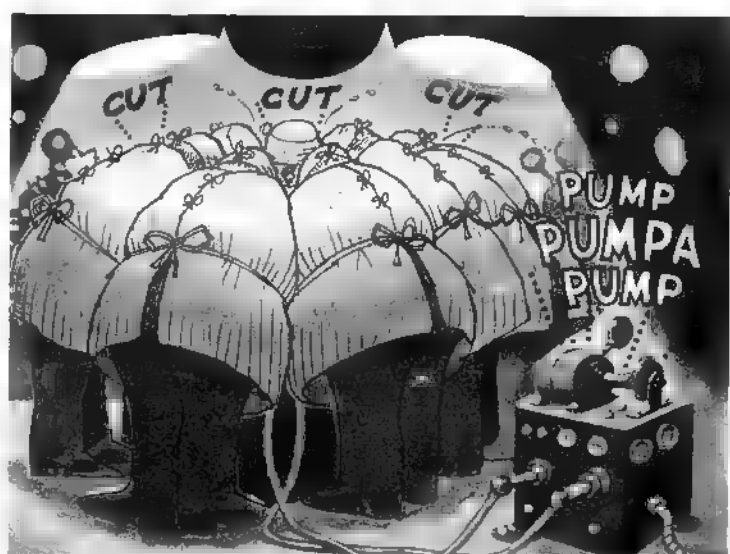
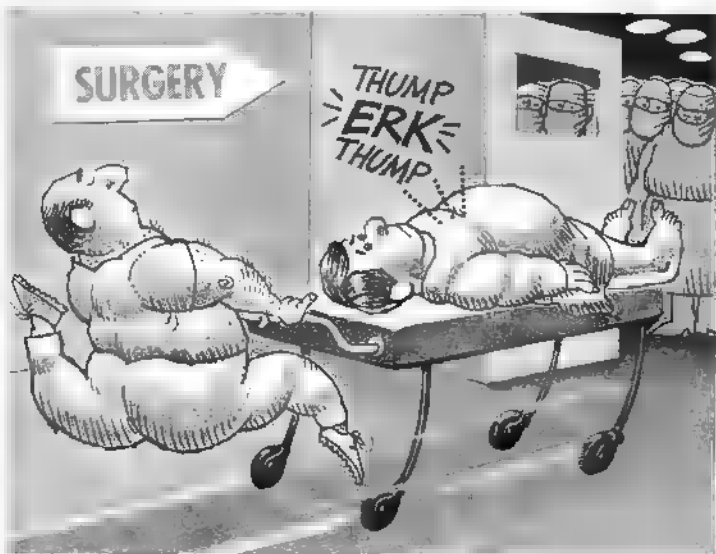
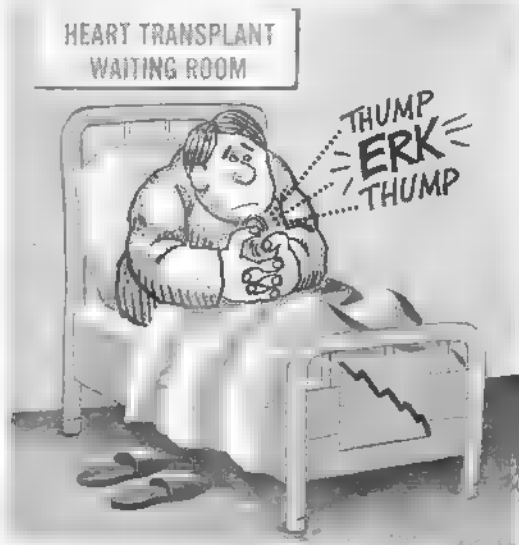
(Representus Absentia)

The Powellcat is a noisy, troublesome creature whose lair is supposedly in the Northeastern United States. However, every two years, he is named "King of the Local Forest" by his neighbors there, after which he immediately disappears only to turn up later, prowling some far-distant tropical beach. This is because several years ago, the Powellcat lost his homing instinct which accounts for his lack of direction. When tracked down, the Powellcat lets out wild screams of outrage at the thought of being domesticated. Fortunately, early in 1969, he was finally House-broken.



# THE HEART TRANSPLANT

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE







With the "Art Film" and the "Foreign Film" taking over more and more of our movie market, somebody thought it might be funny if MAD were to investigate this phenomenon. (The somebody, of course, was the writer of this piece!) And so, this is Hugh Frowns . . . about to interview Mr. Carlo Levinetini—who is

# MAD'S "FOREIGN FILM PRODUCER OF THE YEAR"

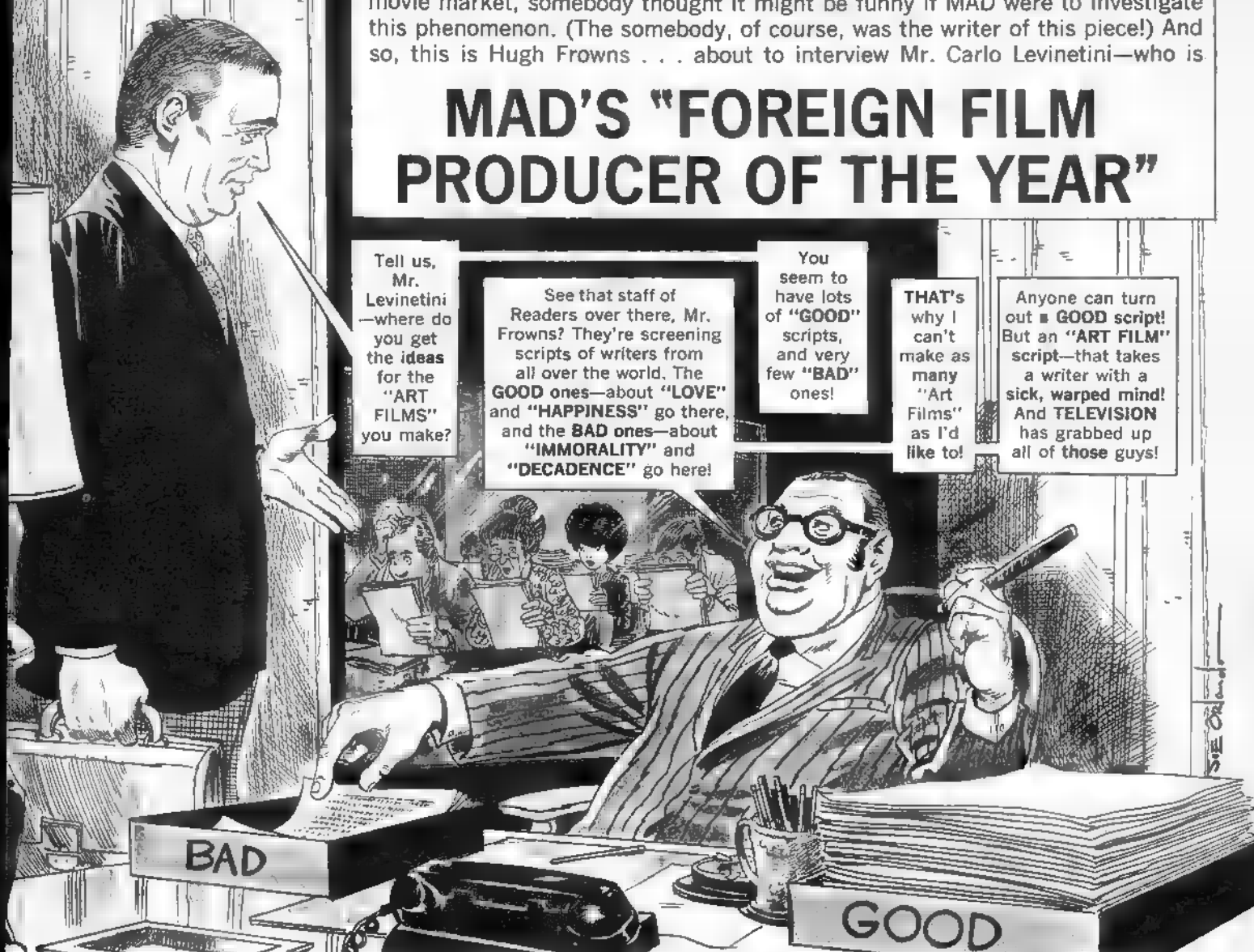
Tell us, Mr. Levinetini—where do you get the ideas for the "ART FILMS" you make?

See that staff of Readers over there, Mr. Frowns? They're screening scripts of writers from all over the world. The **GOOD** ones—about "LOVE" and "HAPPINESS" go there, and the **BAD** ones—about "IMMORALITY" and "DECADENCE" go here!

You seem to have lots of "GOOD" scripts, and very few "BAD" ones!

THAT's why I can't make as many "Art Films" as I'd like to!

Anyone can turn out a **GOOD** script! But an "ART FILM" script—that takes a writer with a sick, warped mind! And **TELEVISION** has grabbed up all of those guys!



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Gee, I don't see anything "Immoral" or "Decadent" in this synopsis—

"Boy meets girl—Boy marries girl—Boy raises family . . ."

The "Boy" in that story is a 12-year-old **Alcoholic!** The "Girl" his Mother! And the "Family" he raises is from the Dead!

It's called "**HE, SHE AND THEM!**"! It will follow my successful "**I, YOU AND US**" and "**WE, YOU AND I**" . . .

I see! Are similar titles necessary?

Absolutely! The confusion they cause is priceless. We know of one little old lady who saw "**I, YOU AND US**" six times, when in reality she was trying to see "**WE, YOU AND I**"! As long as people pay the admission price, we don't care if they stay to see the picture or not!



Mr. Levinetini, I notice that "Symbolism" is used a great deal in your Foreign Films—

That's right! Symbolism is very important. In fact, the greatest symbolist of all—Frederico Linguini, is shooting a Foreign Film here right now!

Linguini is shooting a Foreign Film in New York?!

So? If he shot it in his own country, it wouldn't be a Foreign Film in Italy, would it? They love Foreign Films there, too!

Then, after they show it there, we import it back here! And any film imported from Europe is a Foreign Film, right?

Hey, Federico! This is Mr. Hugh Frowns from MAD. He wants to know about symbolism!

You've come to the right Director, Mr. Frowns! This scene that I'm shooting now is a perfect example of Linguini symbolism...



That girl dressed in black represents Death...

... that man dressed in purple represents Desire...

... that woman in green represents Rage...

... and that man dressed in white?

Oh, he's the Good Humor Man! Would you like something? A chocolate pop—or a vanilla cup?

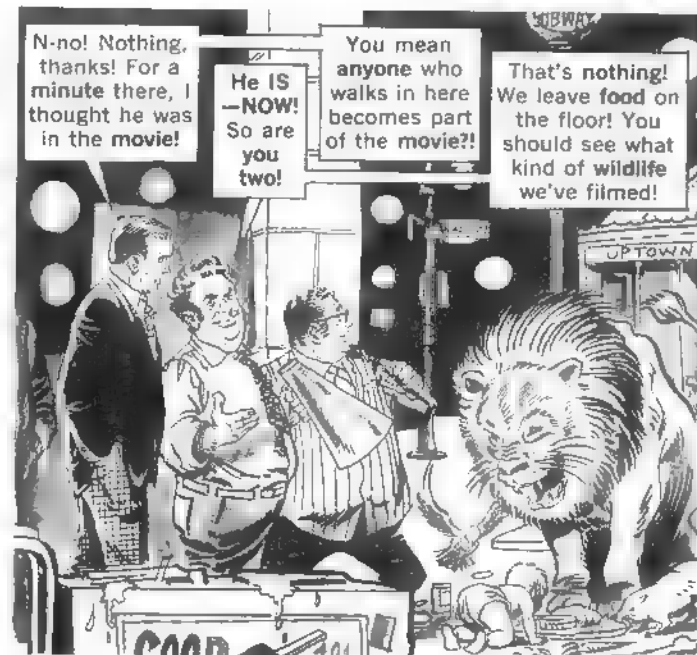


N-no! Nothing, thanks! For a minute there, I thought he was in the movie!

He IS—NOW! So are you two!

You mean anyone who walks in here becomes part of the movie?!

That's nothing! We leave food on the floor! You should see what kind of wildlife we've filmed!



That doesn't make any sense at all!

I couldn't agree with you more! It doesn't make any sense to ME, either! And it doesn't make any sense to the cast or the crew...

... But to the audience and the critics—God bless 'em—it always seems to make sense!

Excuse me, Mr. Linguini, but I don't know how to handle this scene! I—I understand it!

No wonder! These pages are in the correct order! Fire the script girl at once!

Attention everyone! There is something terribly RIGHT with the script!

So we will shoot it in this order: Page 1—then page 4—2—9—3—46—10—5—31...

C'mon, Hugh! Let's see what Ingmar Bergmar is doing! He's in our English Dubbing Room!







I love you so much, Sven! So much—much!

**CUT!!** Mrs. Finch, your words matched the moving lips on the screen over 20 times! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THAT!!

During rehearsals, you were perfect! Not once did your words match up with the lip movements! NOW, they suddenly match up!? Must I remind you that this is a Foreign Film—and you must be ahead or behind the lips—NEVER WITH THEM!!



Ingy, baby, meet Mr. Hugh Frowns!

I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Bergmar! I've seen all of your films and I think—

Marvelous! Wonderful! What!? That I've seen all of your films?

No! That your words hardly match your lip movements! You want a job, maybe?



No, thank you! I'm here to interview you. Now, could you tell me exactly what you are trying to say in your films?

Well, in this film, "Wild Elderberries"—as in all my films—I try to make the point that no man is in charge of his own fate—his own feelings—or his own personal decisions!

Then who IS in charge?

Do you enjoy making this type of film?

His mother!

Not really—but my Mother likes them!

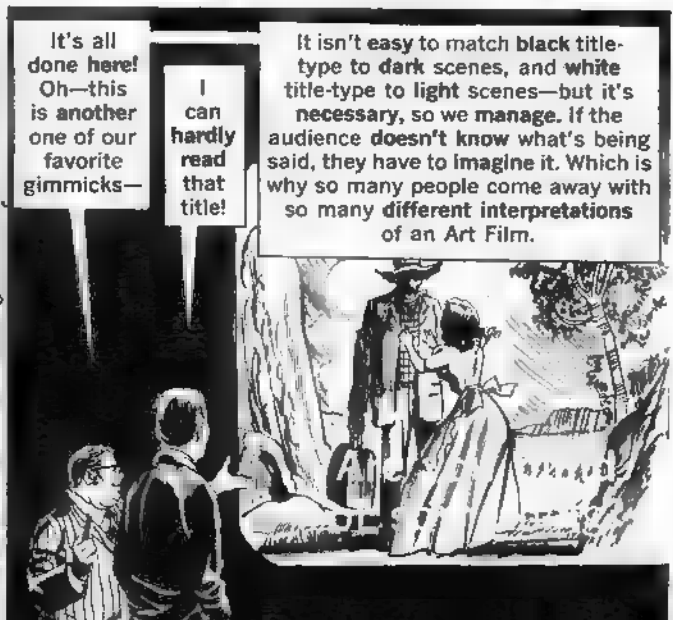


As you know, Hugh—not all Foreign Films are dubbed! Here is where we add English sub-titles!

Isn't that title cut on both ends?

Precisely! I'll bet you thought it was your local theater's tiny screen all along! That's the effect we want—to give the impression that any crummy dive is an "Art Theater"!

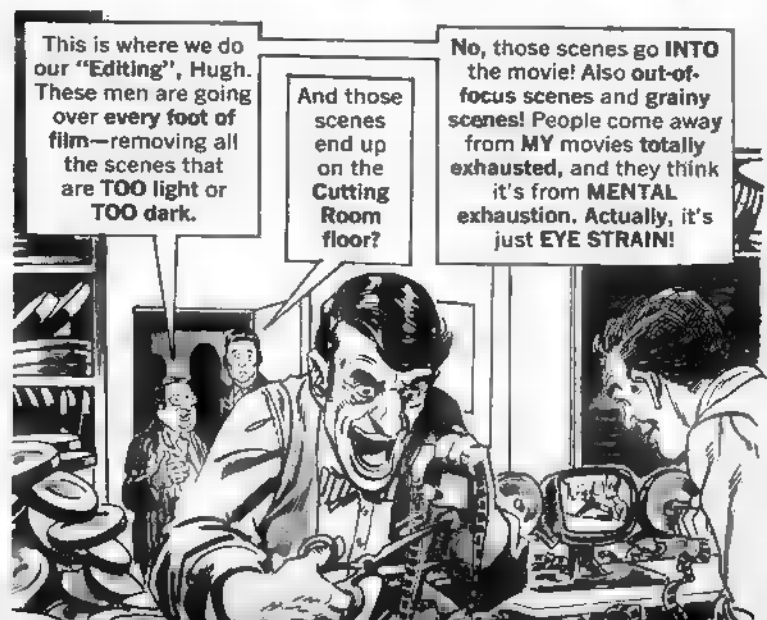
MY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I AM . . . AND STOP TRYIN TO CHANGE ME TO WHAT I'M NO



It's all done here! Oh—this is another one of our favorite gimmicks—

I can hardly read that title!

It isn't easy to match black title-type to dark scenes, and white title-type to light scenes—but it's necessary, so we manage. If the audience doesn't know what's being said, they have to imagine it. Which is why so many people come away with so many different interpretations of an Art Film.



This is where we do our "Editing", Hugh. These men are going over every foot of film—removing all the scenes that are TOO light or TOO dark.

And those scenes end up on the Cutting Room floor?

No, those scenes go INTO the movie! Also out-of-focus scenes and grainy scenes! People come away from MY movies totally exhausted, and they think it's from MENTAL exhaustion. Actually, it's just EYE STRAIN!

And now, into the cellar and home of the most **FOREIGN** of my "Foreign Film" enterprises ... The "Underground Movie"!

Hugh—this is the world's foremost maker of Underground Movies ... Mr. Andy Wormhole—

Hi, Sweetie! I'll be with you in one moment—

All right, kids. I'm ready to make another movie. This one will be about—about—er— **14 HOURS LONG!** That's what it will be about!

So when I count to three, do something for about **14 hours**—Ready...? One—Two—Three... **GO!!**

But no one is doing anything!

Give 'em time! They'll think of something. And if they **DON'T**—better yet! Now if you'll excuse me, I don't want to be around when I'm directing one of my films!



I see you've won plenty of awards. You must make excellent movies!

The movies I make are all **BOMBS!**

But there are **1,467 Foreign Film Festivals** a year, Hugh ... and only **750 Foreign Films!** So it's impossible not to win **SOMETHING!** Last week, the "Coming Attractions" of one of my films won the "Gerard Fokker Bronze Medal", the "Juan Valdez Blue Ribbon" and the "South Flatbush Film Festival Festoon"!

Tell me, did you see my latest—"**CLOSELY WATCHED ACCIDENTS**"?

Oh! Was that one yours?

What did you think of it?

Well, it certainly was not the **best Foreign Film** I've seen! In fact, I left before it was over, and I was glad I went out when I did. My wife stayed to see it and said it got even worse. It was a great disappointment! That's my candid and honest opinion!



Thank you, Hugh! May I quote you in one of my full-page ads?

You want to quote a negative reaction like that?

Well, we won't have room for **ALL** of it, but I'm sure we can use parts of it!

Be my guest, Mr. Levinetini—and thank you for a most enlightening interview! Bye!

Hello, Sid? I want a full-page ad for "**Closely Watched Accidents**" tomorrow. Take down these review quotes ...

"... **THE BEST FOREIGN FILM I'VE SEEN!**"

"... **SEE IT!**"

"**IT WAS ... GREAT!**"

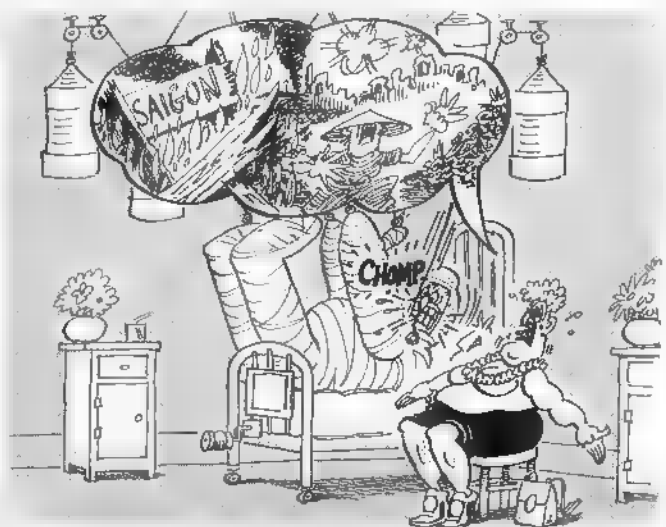
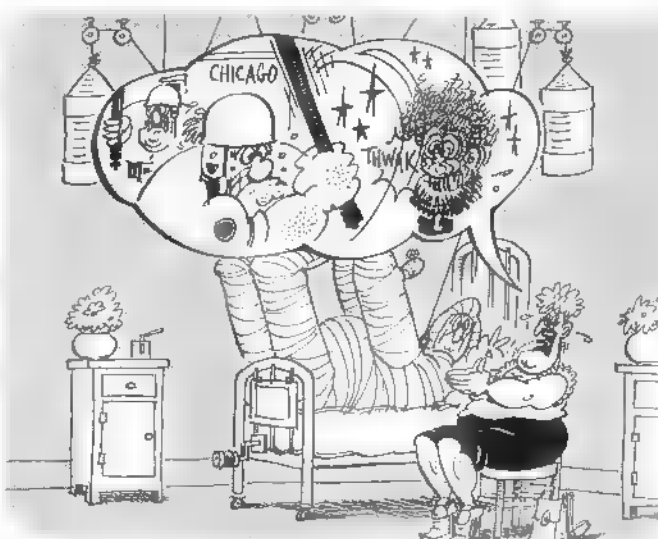
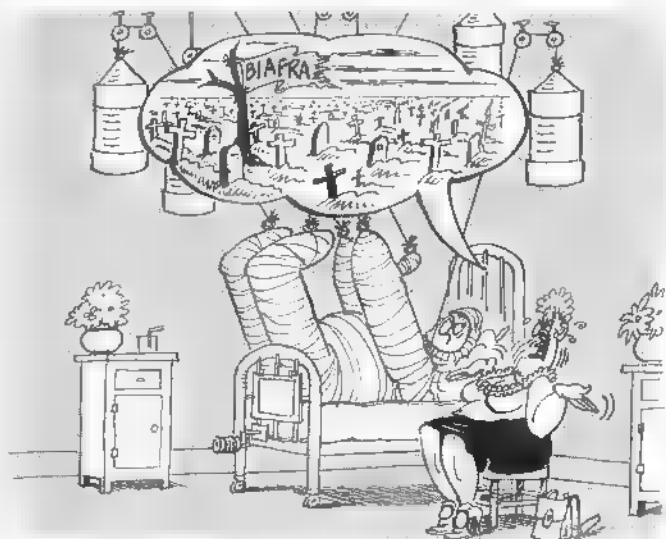
"... **I WAS GLAD I WENT!**"

"... **CANDID AND HONEST!**"





# One Day In A Hospital





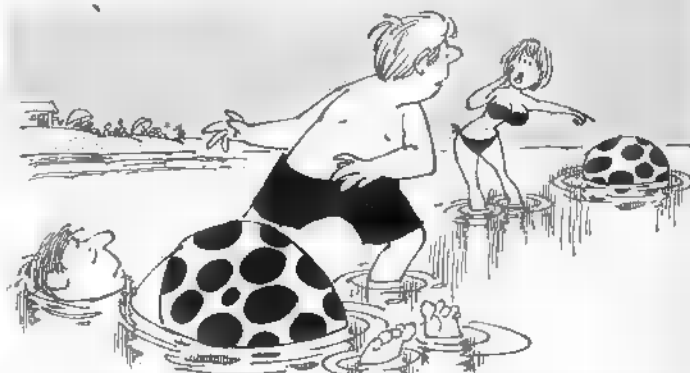
# You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... your hostess steers you away from the Hepplewhite!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you're very often a case of mistaken identity at the beach!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... a napkin is only effective when it's used as a bib!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... your wife is automatically assumed to be a great cook!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you start wearing "loafers" because you can't reach the laces.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you seem to be very popular with the kids on hot, sunny days.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...

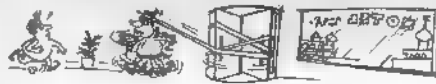


... kids try to make you laugh so they can watch your tummy jiggle!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you're the unanimous choice for the lead role at the Christmas Party!



# OVERWEIGHT When...

ARTIST:  
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:  
JACK KENT

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you notice that they're making  
stairs steeper than they used to!

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...



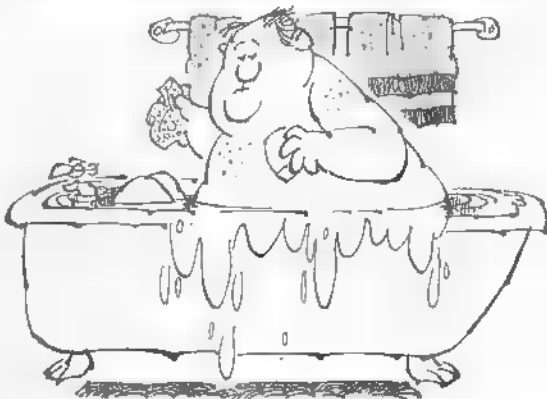
... you can't see all of you  
in a full-length mirror!

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you can make a sloppy  
knot in your tie, and nobody  
knows the difference!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...



... it takes less water to fill the bathtub than it used to!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...



... you give up your seat to an old  
lady ... and two old ladies sit down!

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you feel that anything  
under a quarter isn't worth  
stooping to pick up.

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...

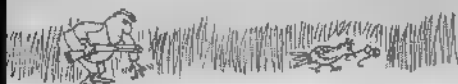


... it makes a difference where you sit in the boat.

You Know You're REALLY  
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you take off your belt and  
your pants don't fall down!



## PICKET YOURSELF DEPT.

One thing is certain: Pick up your daily paper and there's a story about some new protest demonstration. Aren't you getting sick and tired of stories about protest demonstrations? Well, now you can throw away your

# MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE

1

500 Yippies  
Black militants  
Shouting students  
3 Acid heads  
Angry mothers  
Right-wing extremists  
Underpaid teachers  
Overpaid teachers  
Enraged Maoists  
Mark Rudd  
An old maid  
A bunch of nuts

2

the streets  
the suburbs  
a back alley  
a vacant lot  
the sewers  
their living rooms  
the girl's dorm  
the Dean's office  
a revolving door  
a phone booth  
the YMCA  
Harry's Diner

# PROT NEWSPAP

..... ① ..... paraded  
in ..... ③ ..... today pr  
The demonstration began after .....  
by ..... ⑦ .....  
When police arrived they were greeted b  
..... ⑨ ..... The police responded ...  
evening, the Governor declared ..... ①

5

a bearded male  
a moustached female  
a homemade bomb  
a Viet Cong flag  
a C.I.A. agent  
■ dope pusher  
Jerry Rubin  
Eldridge Cleaver  
Mod Squad  
Dr. Timothy Leary  
a picketing cabbie  
"MAD Magazine"

6

seized  
denounced  
suppressed  
attacked  
beaten  
fondled  
obliterated  
arrested  
applauded  
put on probation  
hugged and kissed  
ignored

7

an off-duty policeman  
the S.D.S.  
a Senate Committee  
a CBS News Team  
counter demonstrators  
advocates of free love  
the Mayor  
the Governor  
the President  
angry in-laws  
proxy  
mistake

8

rocks  
obscenities  
manhole covers  
abuse  
insults  
bananas  
praise  
pizza crusts  
mandalas  
old Nixon buttons  
flowers  
rain



daily paper because MAD hereby presents one single news story to take the place of the hundreds you've been wading through. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll enjoy



# WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## TEST ER STORY

through ..... (2) .....  
 protesting ..... (4) .....  
 (5) ..... was ..... (6) .....  
 y a shower of ..... (8) ..... and shouts of  
 ..... (10) ..... Speaking over television, this  
 ..... and called ..... (12) .....

3

Berkeley  
 Chicago  
 Detroit  
 Greenwich Village  
 Haight-Ashbury  
 boredom  
 anger  
 the nude  
 new Spring hats  
 confusion  
 drag  
 single file

4

the war in Vietnam  
 school bussing  
 higher taxes  
 slumlords  
 the Supreme Court  
 marriage  
 divorce  
 dirty magazines  
 freedom of speech  
 dirty movies  
 baths  
 this article

10

■  
 "Make love, not war!"  
 "Make war, not love!"  
 "Hell no, we won't go!"  
 Draft beer, not students!"  
 "Burn, baby, burn!"  
 "Fascist pigs!"  
 "Nixon was the one!"  
 "Commie cruds!"  
 We love Mayor Daley!"  
 "Up against the wall!"  
 "Walt Disney lives!"  
 "Sock it to me!"

with nightsticks  
 with tear gas  
 with mass arrests  
 by ducking  
 in kind  
 with a big hello  
 by refusing to listen  
 with a song  
 by yelling back  
 with snappy stories  
 by retreating  
 by resigning

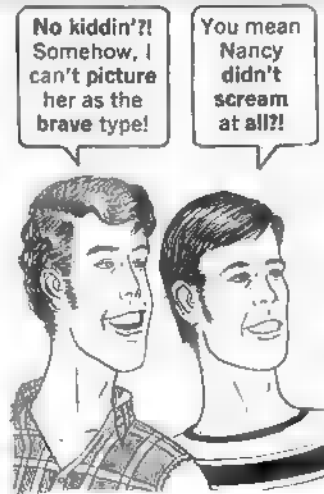
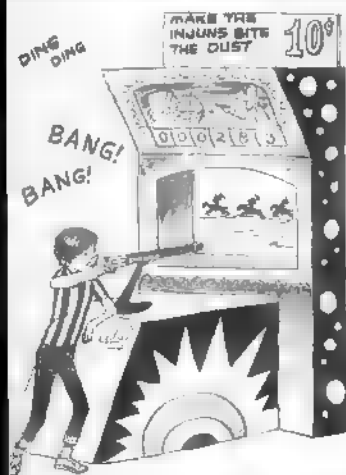
11

a state of emergency  
 a cooling-off period  
 that he was quitting  
 ■ new holiday  
 an extra dividend  
 that he was uptight  
 the sky was falling  
 that he was unfit  
 a day of mourning  
 he was ■ new grandfather  
 bankruptcy  
 war

12

for calm  
 for help  
 up the National Guard  
 for an investigation  
 Dial-a-Prayer  
 for his pipe and bowl  
 out for sandwiches  
 for higher taxes  
 for equal time  
 everybody names  
 for sweeping changes  
 his mother

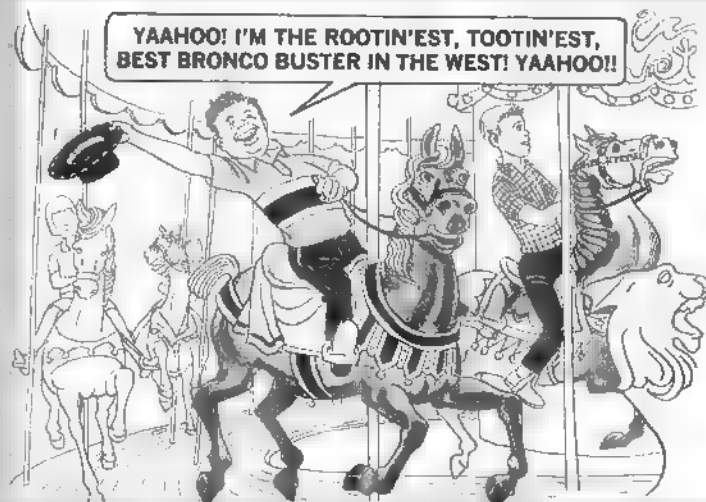
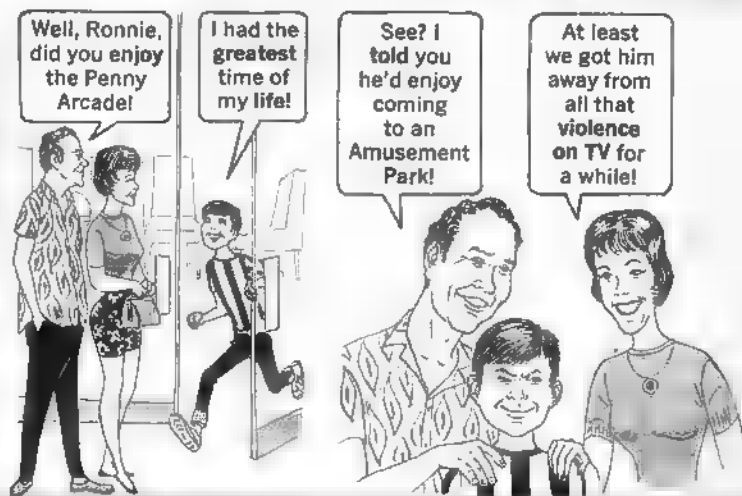
# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AMUSE





# MENT PARKS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Here, Hon—take a picture of us while I go with Mitchy on the Choo-Choo Train!

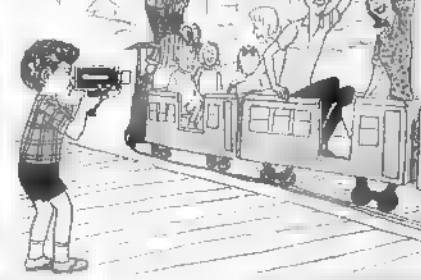
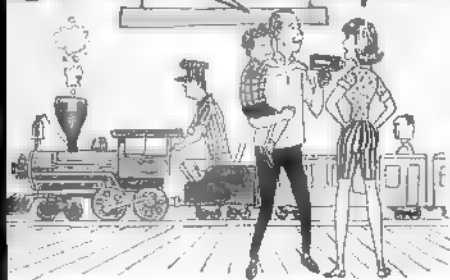
You egomaniac! You'll do anything to have your picture taken!

No, you're wrong! I'll do anything to get a ride on a Choo-Choo Train!

Well, I like riding on a Choo-Choo Train, too! So I'll go with Mitchy, and you take the picture!

Tell you what—we'll both go on the Choo-Choo Train!

B-but . . . who's gonna take the picture?



Daddy, I wanna make a Spin-Art Picture!

What's a Spin-Art Picture?

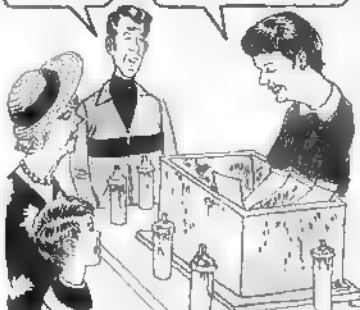
Will you please explain it to my Mother-In-Law?

Surely! First we place this piece of paper on the turntable inside this box and we start it spinning!

As the little boy squirts different colored paints onto the spinning paper, the centrifugal force spreads them outward into various shapes and patterns!

Then, when we shut off the spinner . . . *Volta!* We have a modern painting!!

My Grandson did THAT!? Why . . . it's beautiful!!



Y'know this big deal boxer, Kevin Martin? Well, he's not such a big deal! I knocked him out five times!

Who are you kidding? A runt like you knocking out a Golden Gloves Champ?!

Well, he really did it! He kept popping me right on the button!

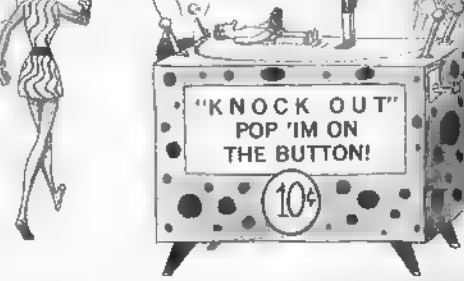
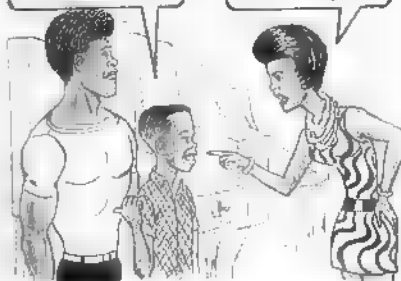
You're both putting me on!

I swear it on a stack of Bibles!

Cross my heart and hope to die!

I don't like being teased! I'm leaving!

I can't understand why she didn't believe us!



Mom! Can I go on the Ferris Wheel again? Can I, Mom?

**ABSOLUTELY NOT!**

But that's not fair! Sis went on it five times already! How come you didn't stop her?!

She didn't ask!

When we were on the "Roller Coaster" and the car went down the first drop and up around the turn, I felt sure it was gonna jump the track and we'd all HAD it!

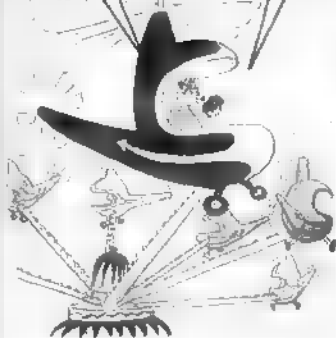
I felt that way when we were on "The Whip"!



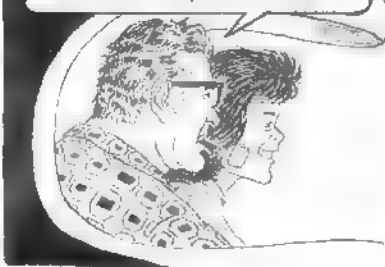


Honey, is this ride too scary for you?

No, Daddy! I'm all right!



Are you sure? Is your stomach getting queasy from all this up-and-down and 'round-and-round motion? Because if you feel sick, all you have to do is call out to the operator and he'll stop the machine!



OH, MR. OPERATOR! PLEASE... STOP THE MACHINE!!



MY DADDY WOULD LIKE TO GET OFF!



I hope you realize that his talent comes from MY side of the family!!



—sob—  
—sob—

S'matter, kid? Are you lost??



N-no—sob—I'm right here!



It's m-my—sob—Mommy and Daddy who are lost—WAAA!!



Place your bets, folks!

What number should I play?

Ahh—32! That's your age! No-no! Make it 28! That's my age! Wait! Play 7! That's always a lucky number!

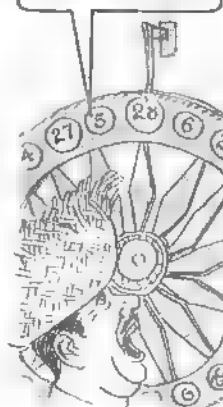


Hold it! Put it on 22! That's our address! Or better yet, 5! That's when the kids go back to school! No—I know! Play 18! That's how old I was when we met!

Forget it! I'll just close my eyes and pick ANY number!!



And the winning number is... 28!!



See!? I told you to play number 28!!



And when we were on the "Topsy-Turvy" and it turned upside down, I thought we were finished!

It does seem silly to pay 35¢ apiece—just for the privilege of being scared to death!

Yeah, but it's sure worth it!!

HEY! WATCH IT, TONY!

THE WAY YOU TOOK THAT CURVE, YOU ALMOST TURNED THE CAR OVER!

GEEZ! YOU ALMOST SCARED US TO DEATH!!

That'll be 35¢ apiece, please!



4 POSES 25¢

Yecch! These are awful! That's not me! Look at that ugly nose and that silly grin! That's not me! And look at that chin, and those ears sticking out, and that messy hair! That's not me!

Le'me see those pictures...

Are you crazy?! These pictures are great! They make you look like a beautiful, intelligent, desirable, sexy young chick!

That's ME!!

Oh, no! Look at all the junk she brought home from the Amusement Park!

IT'S NOT JUNK!!

It's a collection of sentimental mementos of a marvelous day I spent with a marvelous boy—groovy Gary Frick!

Okay, love-struck! Where are you gonna put 'em? Your room is already cluttered with sentimental mementos of the marvelous days you spent with marvelous, groovy Harry Dixon!

Harry Dixon!? That creep!! I don't see him any more! I'll get rid of THAT junk!!

Hey! Look at this! It's the control for an "Air Jet"—a gimmick they had years ago for blowing up girls' skirts! When a girl would pass over it, it would send her skirt billowing high over her head!

Just for old time's sake, let's try it!

Okay! Here come some cute chicks now! Let 'er go!

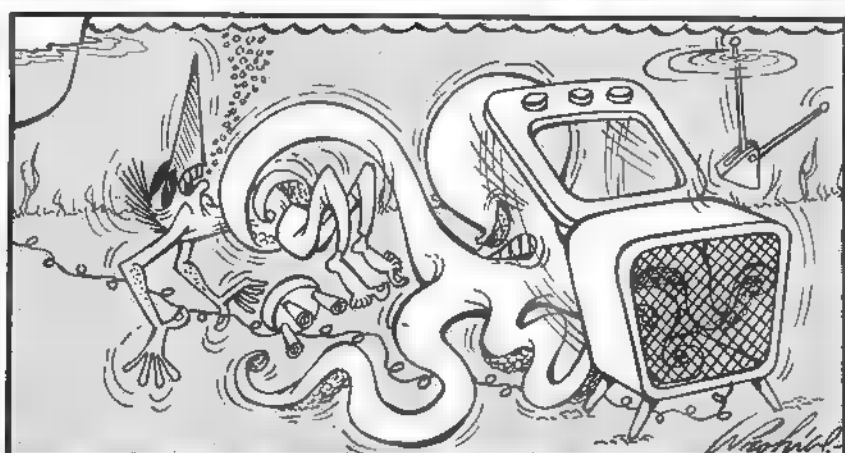
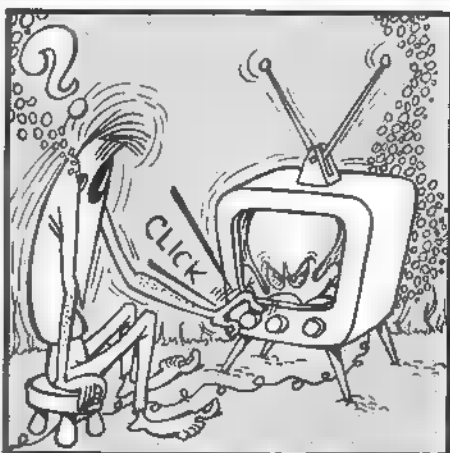
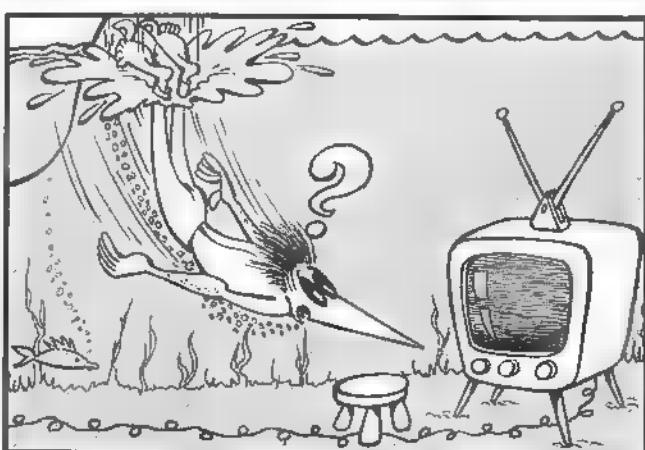
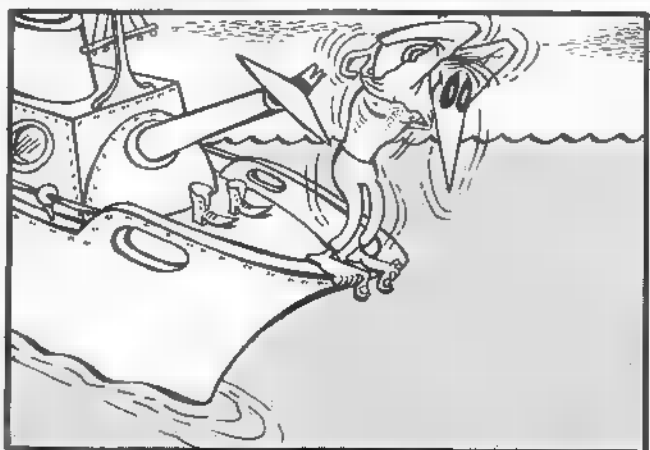
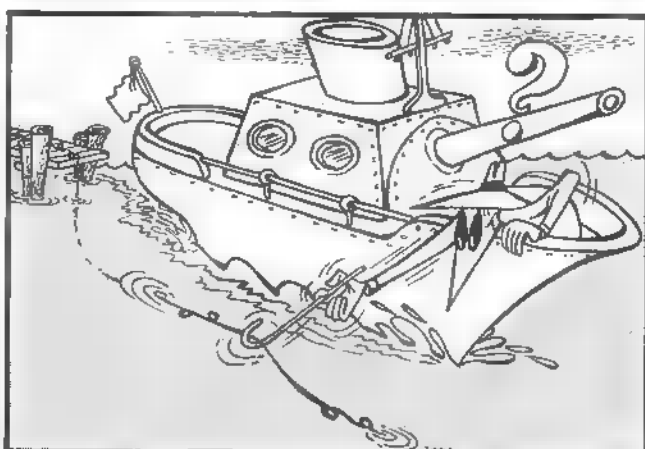
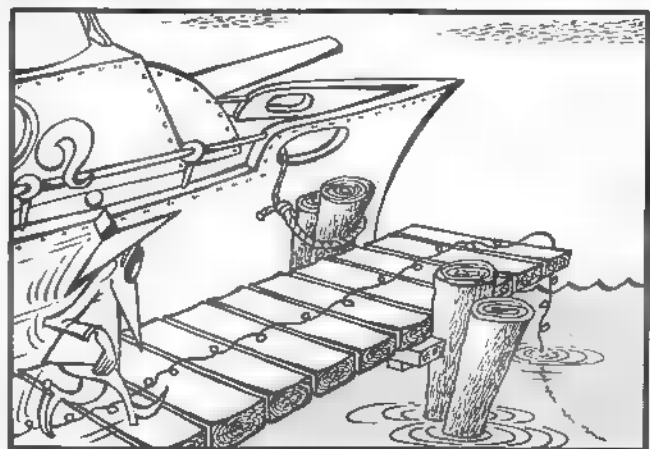
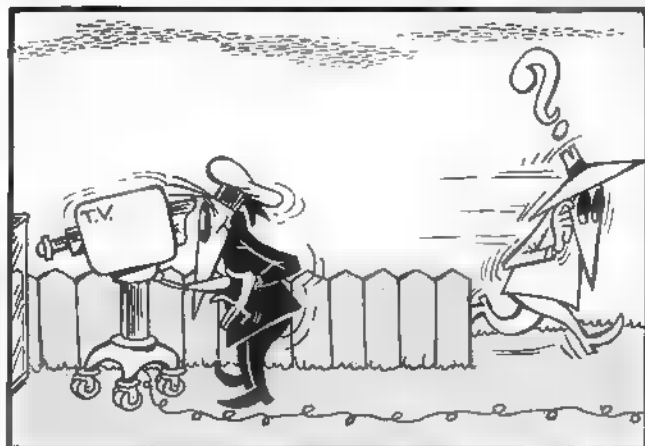
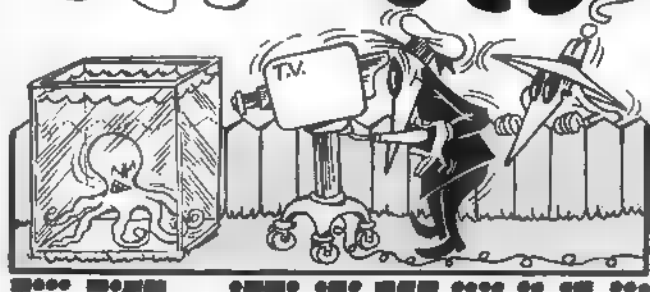
Hoo-Boy! It still works! I'm blowing their skirts up!

Yeah, but with the mini-skirts they wear these days, you really can't tell the difference!!

Don't tell me you're eating again! You've had hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, pop corn, pizza pies, custard and who knows what! Why do you keep eating all the time?

What ELSE is there to do at an Amusement Park?!

# SPY vs SPY





## FOR BETTER OR VERSE DEPT.

When a couple gets married, they can be sure of receiving "Greetings To The Newlyweds" cards from every conceivable source. However, despite today's

# SOME "GREETIN NEWLYWEDS" W

## *To Our Daughter, The Bride —*

Your wedding cost two thousand bucks,  
As well as we can judge it;  
And though it was a sacrifice,  
We surely don't begrudge it;  
A costly wedding's something that  
A parent understands;  
We would have spent a billion  
Just to get you off our hands!

Mom & Dad



## To the New Couple

Today you two appear to be  
A young, devoted duo;  
But soon will come the arguments  
About the bills that you owe;  
And after that the knock-down fights,  
The cursing and the shrieking;  
So why not call us up right now  
While both of you are speaking!

**HIGGENBOTTOM & SMEED**  
Divorce Lawyers



## *To The Newlyweds —*

As you cruise down the road of life  
In blissful love requited,  
Remember that you're now a team—  
A happy pair united!

In case this verse perplexes you,  
There's no need to feel troubled;  
It's just our way of saying that  
Your premiums have doubled!

**ACME AUTO INSURANCE CO.**



frightening trend toward "All-Purpose Greeting Cards," there are still some areas and messages missing from the "Newlyweds Cards" racks. So here are:



# G CARDS TO THE E'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

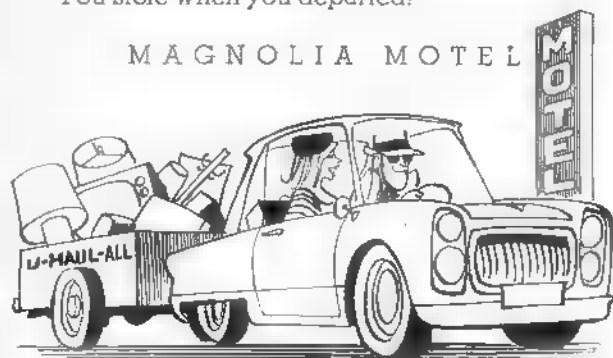
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IDEA: DAVID HUNTER

## DEAR HONEYMOONERS—

Your wedding trip is over now;  
Your honeymoon is ended;  
We're sure you liked your stop-off here  
And found the weather splendid;  
By now, you must be settled down;  
Your brand-new home is started  
With all those blankets, chairs and lamps  
You stole when you departed!

MAGNOLIA MOTEL



## TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—



We've Pepto-Bismol by the case;  
We've lots of Bromo fizzes;  
We've Rollaids, Tums and Bisodol  
And seltzers that are whizzes;  
We've pills for cramps and stomach pains  
Most anywhere you're looking,  
So stock up now and be prepared  
For eating your wife's cooking!

PHILO'S  
PHARMACY

## DEAR YOUNG MARRIEDS—



Your skills in self-defense may seem  
A trifle weak and spotty;  
If so, it's time to take our course  
In judo and karate;  
Though both of you may pray for peace  
And feel each man's your brother,  
You'll need our course for all those fights  
You're having with each other!

MIGHTY MISHKIN'S  
SCHOOL OF SELF DEFENSE

# CONGRATULATIONS!



Right now you're looking forward to  
Those years of joy you'll spend;  
But one day when you're old and gray  
Your life on earth will end;  
We'll give you an eternal bond  
That death can never sever,  
Just send some cash and we'll make sure  
You're side by side forever!

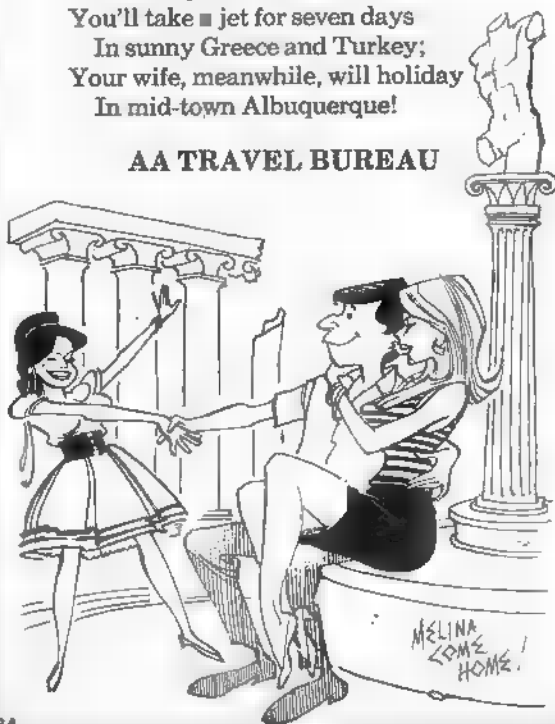
## CRESTVIEW CEMETERY

Lay-Away Plan Dept.  
"Let Us Plot Your Future"

## TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—

This summer your young wife and you  
Will take your first vacation!  
The trip that we are mapping out  
Will fill you with elation!  
You'll take a jet for seven days  
In sunny Greece and Turkey;  
Your wife, meanwhile, will holiday  
In mid-town Albuquerque!

## AA TRAVEL BUREAU



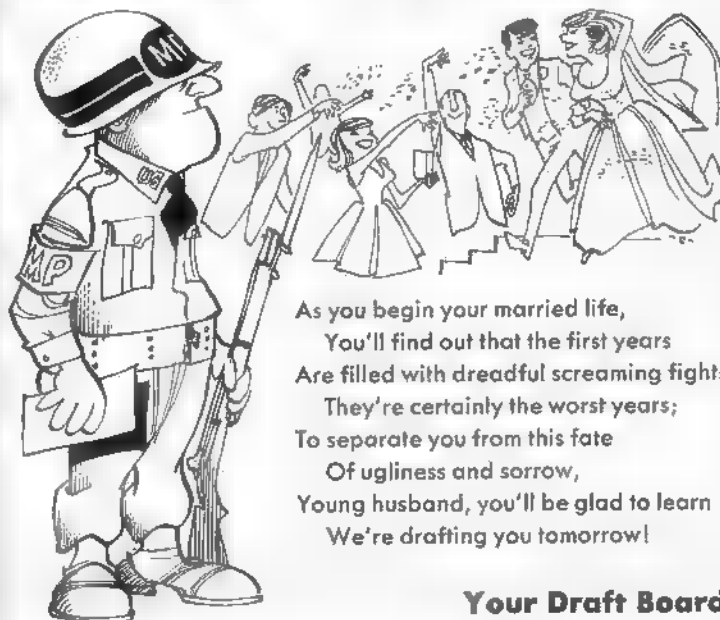
## To the Young Bride —



This greeting card, oh brand-new wife,  
To you we are directing;  
Although you're only wed a month,  
Next week you are expecting;  
No need to feel embarrassed that  
You're . . . er . . . well somewhat early;  
Our staff's been told to just explain  
You gave birth prematurely!

## OAKVIEW MATERNITY HOSPITAL

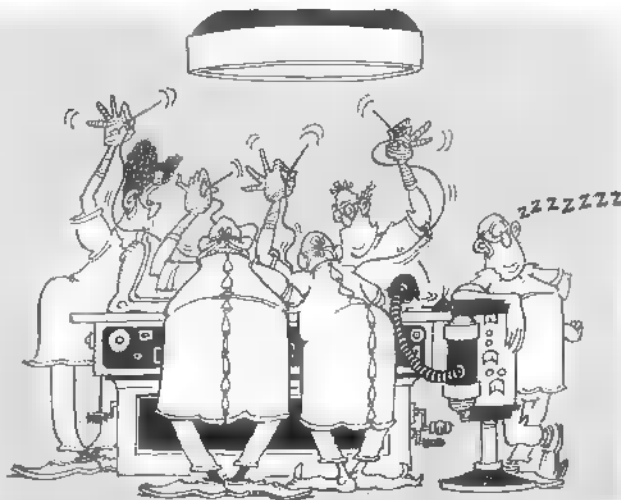
## GREETINGS!



As you begin your married life,  
You'll find out that the first years  
Are filled with dreadful screaming fights;  
They're certainly the worst years;  
To separate you from this fate  
Of ugliness and sorrow,  
Young husband, you'll be glad to learn  
We're drafting you tomorrow!

## Your Draft Board

# One Day In A Sawmill



Here we go again, gang, with another installment of our new series which explores that hidden world

# A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SC







where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one ■

# ENES: AT A LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



... and so, on behalf of Schlock Laundry and Dry Cleaning, I award you this Gold Watch on the occasion of your 50th Anniversary...

He's been with us 50 years?

Of course not, stupid! He just knocked off his fiftieth shirt button!

A leather wallet!

An eyeglass case!

A Milky Way bar!

A Praying Mantis!

What's going on?

It's ■ new game we play here called— "GUESS WHAT WE PRESSED INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE BLOB INSIDE THE CUSTOMER'S POCKET!"

Okay, Bert! **THIS** dress is dead!

No, George, your grammar is wrong! The past tense of "Dye" is "Dyed"! You mean "This dress is dyed!"

Take a good look at the job we did on it, Bert! I mean, **this dress is DEAD!**

Oh, boy! Isn't this new "One-Way Mirror" in the fitting room fantastic!

And just think... you wanted a TV set!

Ummph! Aargh! Ugghh! Yaagh!

What is this customer trying to tell us?

That his shirt's too stiff!

He should see the ones we clean **WITH** starch!

**THAT'S** what I've been trying to remember all day! "Frankenstein" is on the "Late, Late Show" tonight!

SOCKS PRESSED 5¢

NO SALE

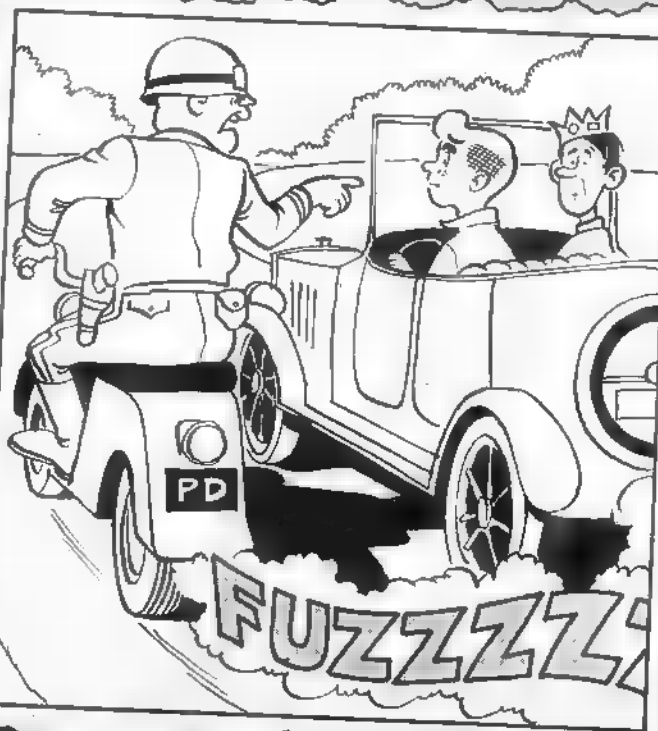
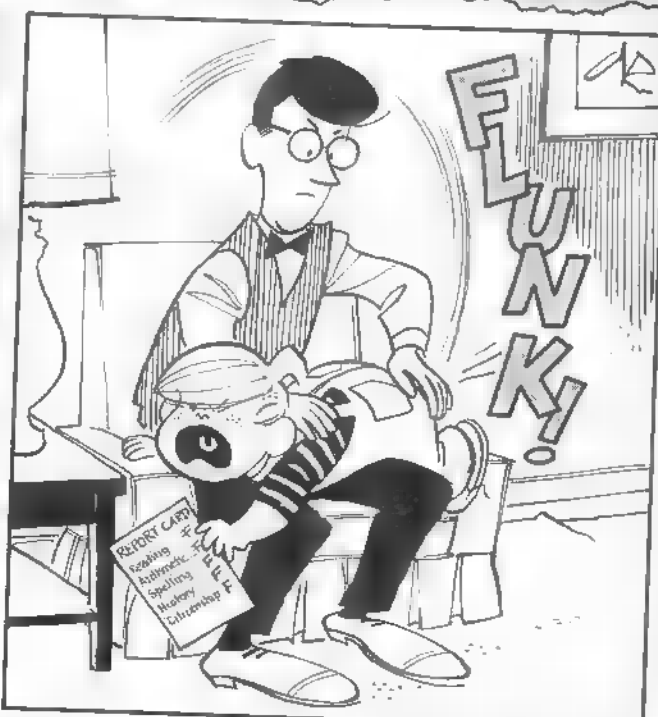
Special UNDERWEAR STARCHED

Y'know those "Cartoon Sound Effects" like "BANG!" and "SOCK!" and "SPLAT-T!" and "WHAM!" that we see in our daily Comic Strips? Wouldn't

## A MAD PORTFOLIO OF...

# APPROPRIATE CO

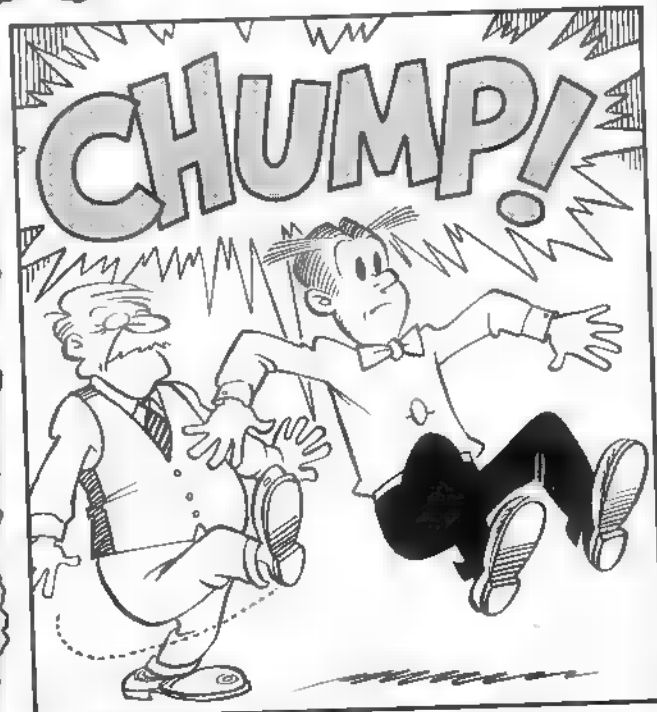
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

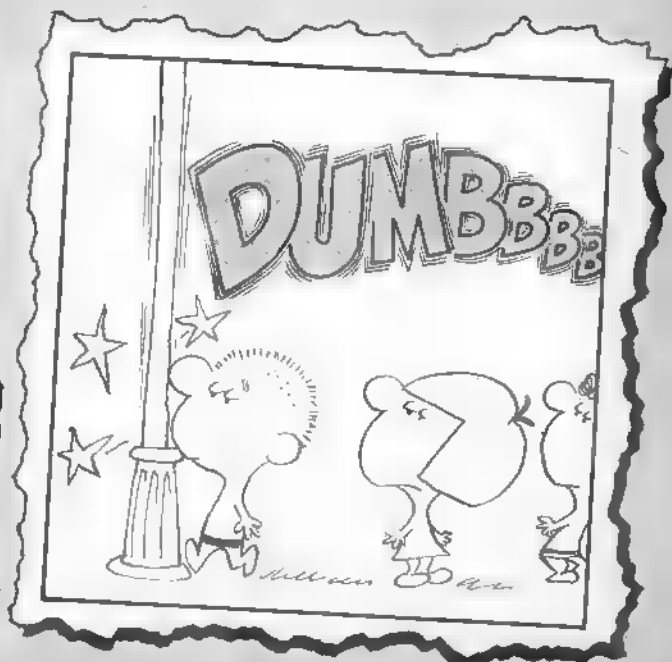
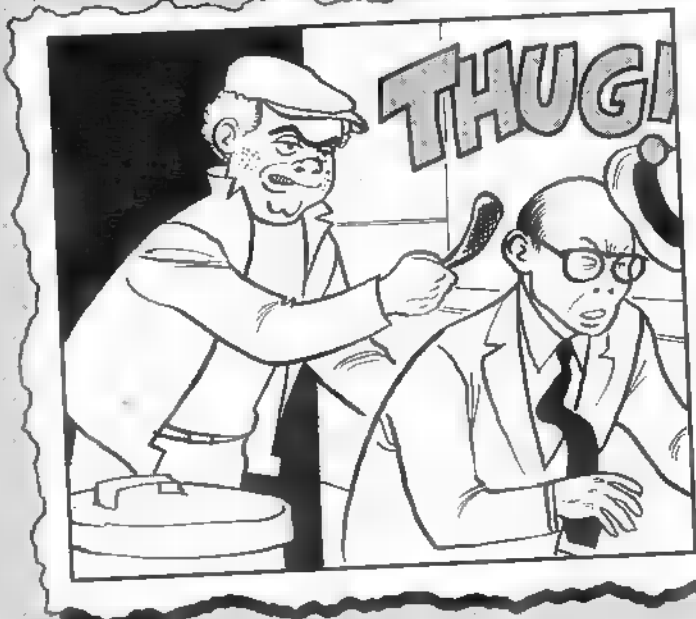
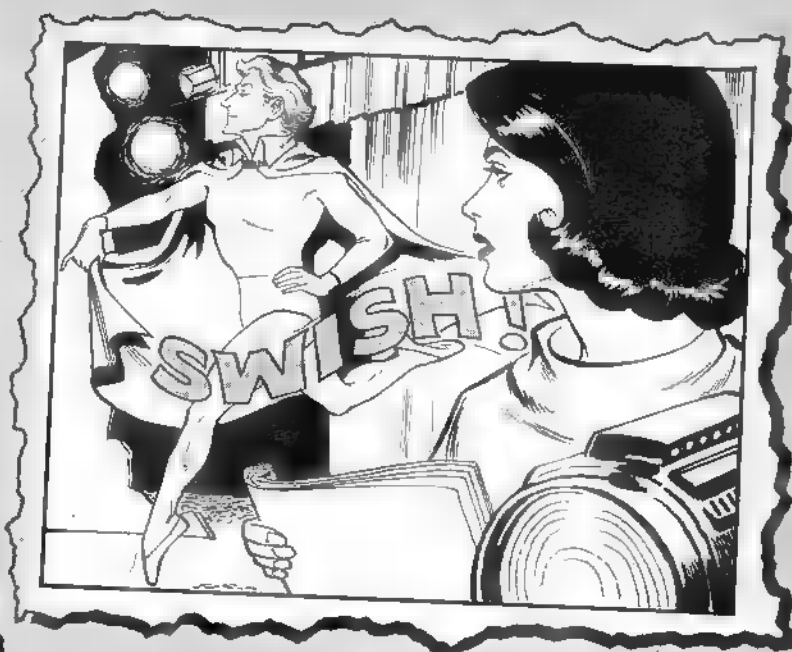


it be more effective if these "Sound Effects" actually represented what was taking place in the Comic Strip? To explain what we mean, here is . . .

# MIC STRIP SOUND EFFECTS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD







SAFE ON SECOND DEPT.

# THE HEIST

1



2



3



4



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

5



6



7



8



9



10



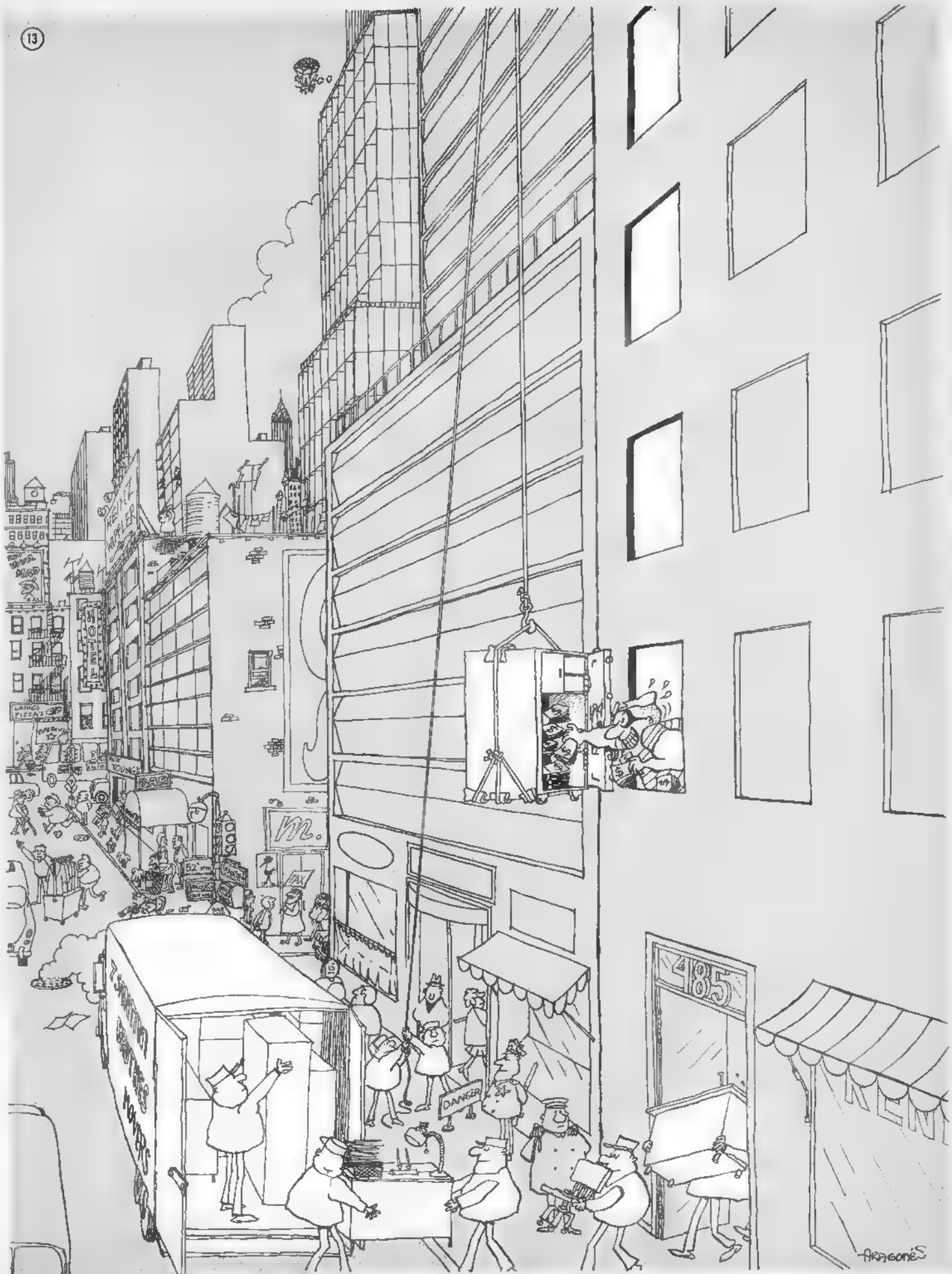
11



12



**MORE**



## RAH-RAH-RIOT DEPT.

"The times . . . they are a-changing!" sang Bobby Dylan. Well, nowhere have the times a-changed things as dramatically as they have on the American College Campus. To illustrate these vast changes, we'd like to present excerpts from two College Yearbooks . . . one, a typical Yearbook from your parents' college generation, and the other, a typical Yearbook of today. Here, then, is . . .

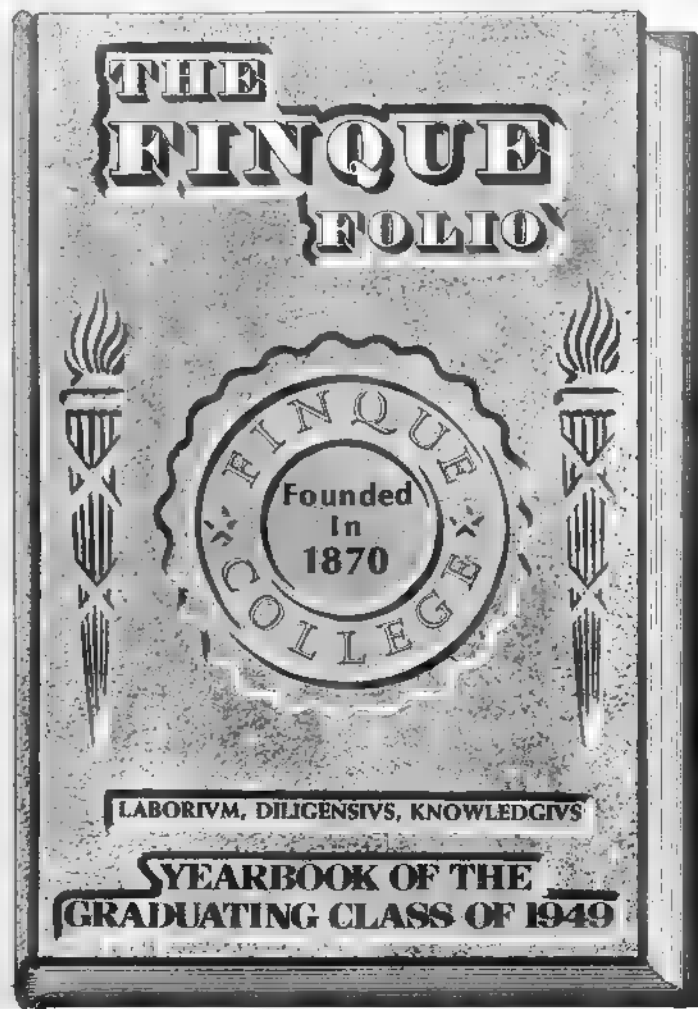


# A MAD LOOK AT TWO COLLEGE GENERATIONS

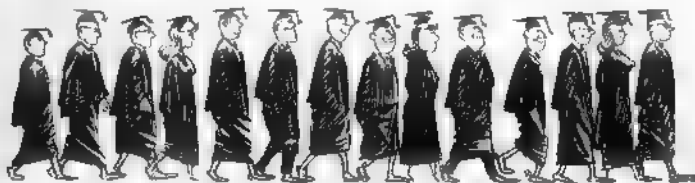
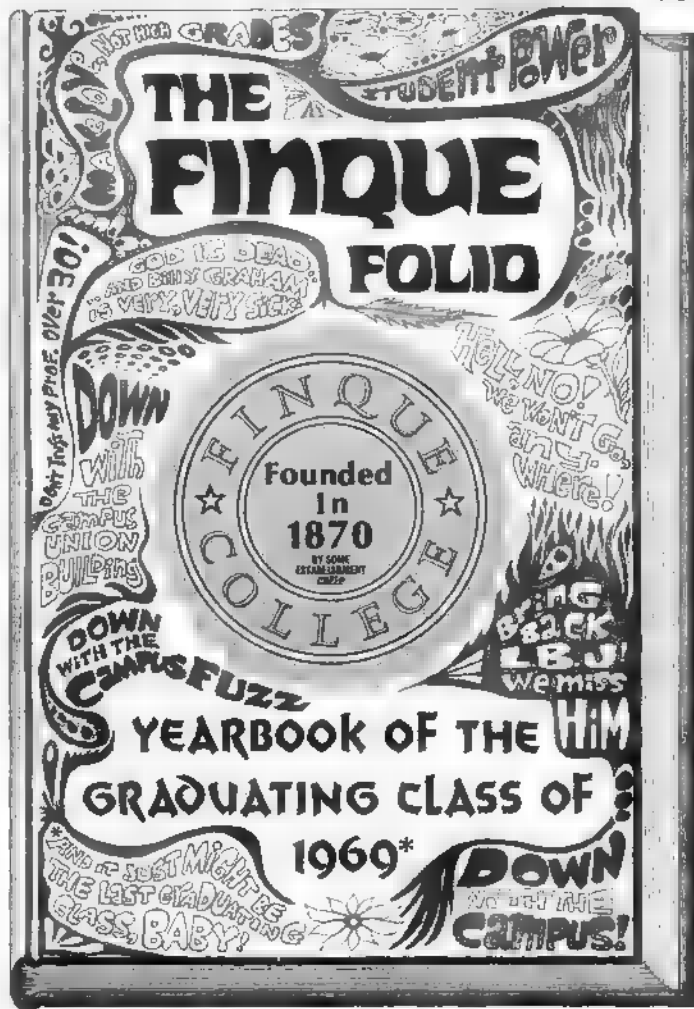
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1949



A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1969



# THE CLASS OF 1949



**HOWARD J. WHITNEY**  
HomeTown: Akron, Ohio

Treasurer of the Library Club, Organizer of the Zeta Beta Psi Sunday School Picnics, President of the Kay Kayser Campus Fan Club.

Math Medal, ROTC Good Conduct Medal.

Voted: Boy Most Likely To Be An Accountant.

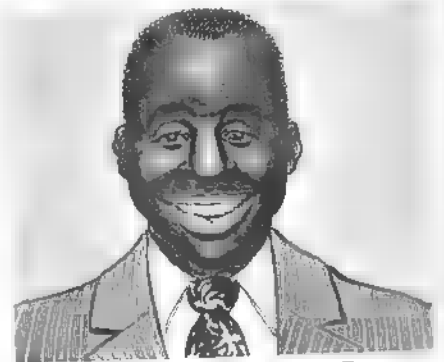
Ambition: "To become a CPA, marry the girl next door, have three children, and be the best jitterbug in Akron, Ohio."



**LINDA FERNSCHREIBER**  
HomeTown: Merrick, Long Island

Home Economics Major, Vice President of the Senior Girls Hygiene and Moral Cleanliness Club, Chairman of the Campus Beautification Committee, Junior Class Dating Chaperon, Campus Representative for B'nai B'rith.

Ambition: "To get married, move into a Mother-Daughter Two-Family House (with my husband downstairs, and my mother and I upstairs) and become the Mah Jong Champion of all Nassau County."



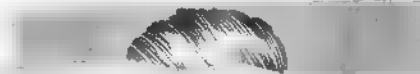
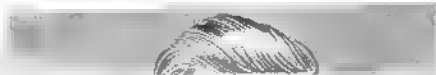
**WASHINGTON LINCOLN JONES**  
HomeTown: Savannah, Georgia

President of the Senior Boys Tap Dancing Club, Secretary of the Stepin Fetchit Fan Club, Captain of the Union Building Shoe-Shine Team, Vice-President of the Cafeteria Kitchen Squad.

Merit Award for Creative Chicken-Frying.

Voted: Boy most likely to be a Bell Hop.

Ambition: "To be the best (and only) Bell Hop ever to graduate from college."



# THE CLASS OF 1969



**FRIG STUYVESANT**  
HomeTown: Freakout, Maine

Senior Class Travel Agent for LSD Trips, Campus Representative of Mao Tse Tung, Dean's Office Wrecking Squad, Captain of the Dow Chemical Campus Baiting Society.

Picketing and Protesting Honor Roll.

Voted: Most Conscientious Campus Conscientious Objector

Ambition: "After 4 years as an outstanding campus agitator at Finque I hope someday to enroll in this school as a student."



**FLEUR VERBANICK**  
HomeTown: Detroit, Michigan

Treasurer of the Senior Latin-American Revolutionary Council, Senior Girls Pot Monitor, Campus Liason for Imprisoned Student Demonstrators, Chairman of the Free Love Society, Captain of the Union Building Window-Smashing Squad.

Voted:

Unmarried Campus Mother-Of-The-Year.

Ambition: "To run away and live in a cave with Ho Chi Minh."



**RAP WHITE**  
HomeTown: Greenwich Village, N.Y.

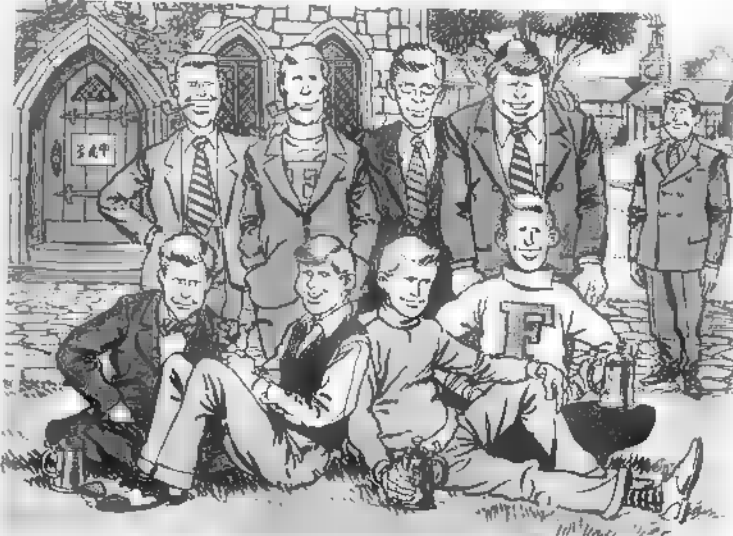
Captain of the Student Store Looting Team, President of the Sidney Poitier Movie Campus Picketing Squad, All-Star Campus Soul Brother, Senior Class Black Panther Honkey Chasing Committee.

Voted: Boy least likely to be called "Boy"

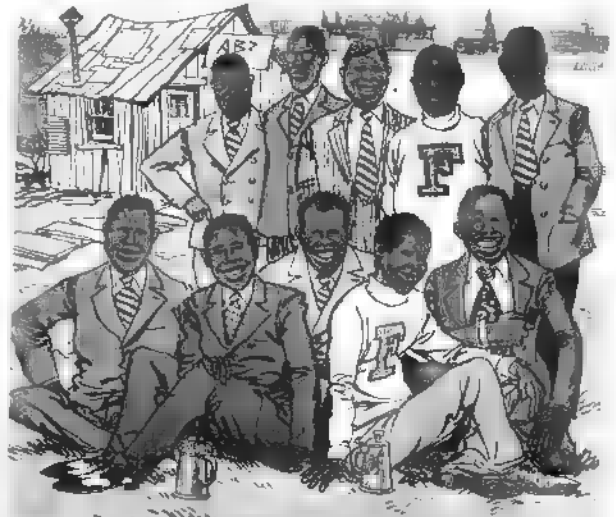
Ambition: "I want everything, Man! Not now! YESTERDAY!!"



# 1949 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES



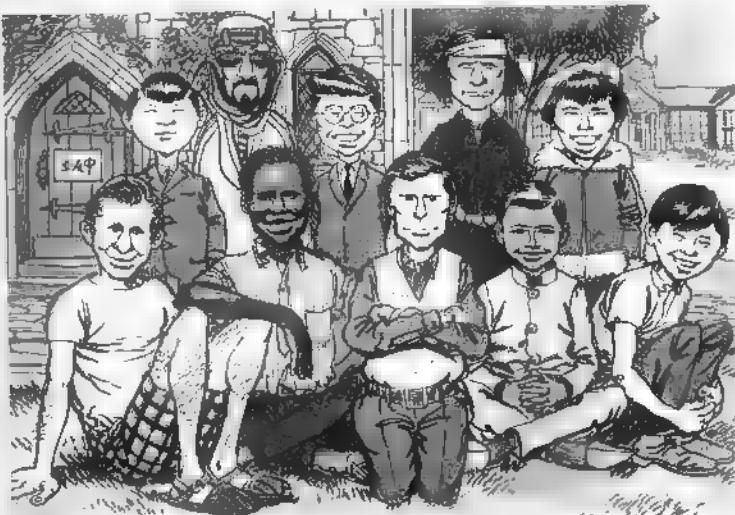
Here's that swell bunch of guys at Sigma Dela Wasp, the most restricted White Protestant fraternity on campus. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Daniel White, William Anglo and Thomas Saxon. Standing (left to right): Pure Waverly, White Lockhart, Anglo McKeesick and Saxon American. Standing (far off to the side of the group): Robert Edward Bigot, a pushy Presbyterian.



This is that real great group of guys at Alpha Beta Sig. All of us on campus are proud of them. They never cause trouble, they're very polite, and they know their place, mainly six miles off-campus. Standing (left to right): Leroy, James, Willie, Amos and Andy. Seated (left to right): Jackson, Birmingham, Alabama, Lightnin' and Sam.



# 1969 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES



Here is Sigma Delta Wasp, once the most bigoted White Protestant fraternity on campus. But we got after those Neanderthal creeps and changed all that. Now, it's open to everyone, regardless of race, color, or nationality. Seated (l. to r.): Murray Bernstein, Homer Jones, Spyros Kouris, Nehru Pandit and Lou Fong. Standing (l. to r.) Kim Korea, Ahmed Hussar, Haya Kido, Joe Thundercloud, and Nanook Nome. (Not in picture: Vito Pizzeria, Pedro Gonzales and Honorary Brother—Viet Cong Divinity Student Ngh Chu Hinh.)



Once a segregated Negro ghetto fraternity set up by the White Campus Establishment, Alpha Beta Sig is now almost completely integrated . . . with White Protestants. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Jr., Daniel White, Jr., William Anglo, Jr. and Thomas Saxon, Jr. Standing (left to right) Pure Waverly, Jr., White Lockhart, Jr., Anglo McKeesick, Jr., Saxon American, Jr. and Stokely Brown.

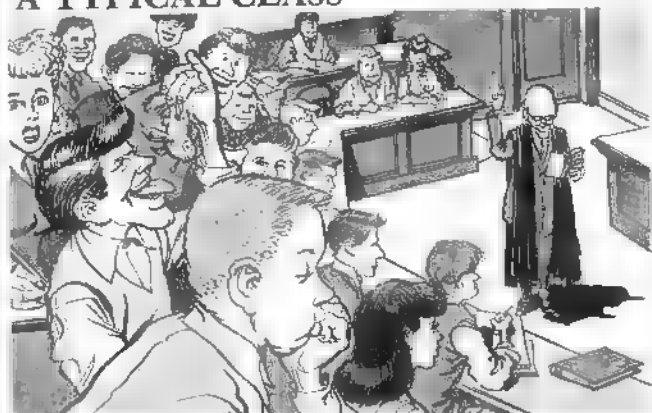
# 1949 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

## CAMPUS LOVE



The hottest (Wow!) spot on campus is Sin Alley, outside the Women's Residence Hall. Here's a shot of a typical bunch of students engaged in all kinds of wild sex like hugging, ear-blowing and heavy handshaking. Hubba-hubba!

## A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three Finque students attend typical Lecture class in Pfeffer Hall. Note madcap student at left swallowing a goldfish. Ain't we the craziest generation? Solid, Jackson!

## PEP RALLY



Finque students build huge bonfire of boxes and crates in order to encourage football team for big game with State. Note close likeness of State coach Pop Gribbish, who is being hanged in effigy. Go, team, go! Hey-hob-a-ree-hob!

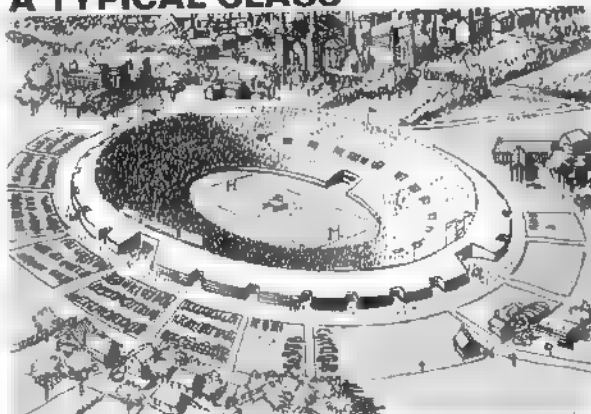
# 1969 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

## CAMPUS LOVE



Only a generation ago, square Finque students would hang around Sin Alley behind the Women's Residence Hall and engage in silly necking. Today, as you can see by this photo, the Women's Residence Hall is a serious Family Center where students of all sexes live together and raise children together and sometimes even get married.

## A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three thousand Finque students attend typical class in Pfeffer Football Stadium. This is a Discussion group. Lecture groups meet Tuesdays and Fridays in Grand Canyon.

## PEP RALLY



Finque students build huge bonfire of Chemistry building and Gym in order to encourage Board of Trustees to banish military recruiters from the campus. Note close likeness of Army Recruiting Sgt. Buck Chicken, who is being hanged in effigy. Hey, come to think of it, that is Sgt. Chicken!

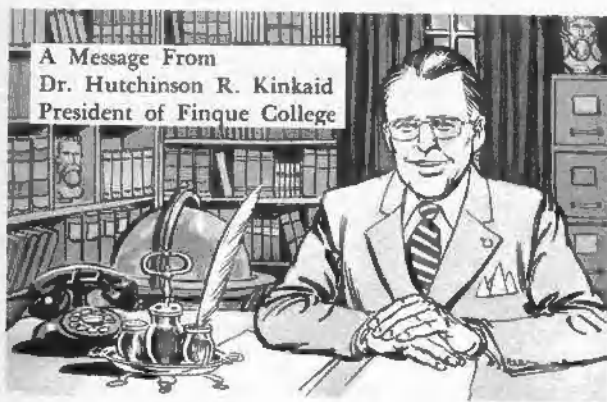
# 1949 CLASS FAREWELLS

## ALMA MATER

By Herbert Flotts  
President of  
the Senior Class



*The campus grass is green and verdant  
As the sun begins to sink;  
With heavy heart and laden step I  
Say farewell to dear old Finque.  
I'll miss your ivy-covered buildings  
And your profs who made me think;  
And though a wond'rous world awaits me,  
I will not forget you, Finque.  
Should someone from another college  
Ever join me for a drink  
And boast of his dear Alma Mater,  
I'll not flinch and I'll not blink;  
I'll stare him down and say quite proudly:  
"You're a Harvard...?  
I'M A FINQUE!"*



To the Class of 1949:

Your years at Finque College will soon be over. And they were four wonderful years, I am sure. But you must not look backward at the years behind you. You must look forward to the years ahead of you. For to go backward at a time in your life when you should be going forward is like starting a book at its end and reading toward its beginning which, in essence, has already begun long before you end it.

And so, just as you cannot begin a book at its end and end it at its beginning, so you must begin your life at its beginning and end your life at its end (and vice versa for all you Israeli Exchange Students!). Good luck and God bless you all.

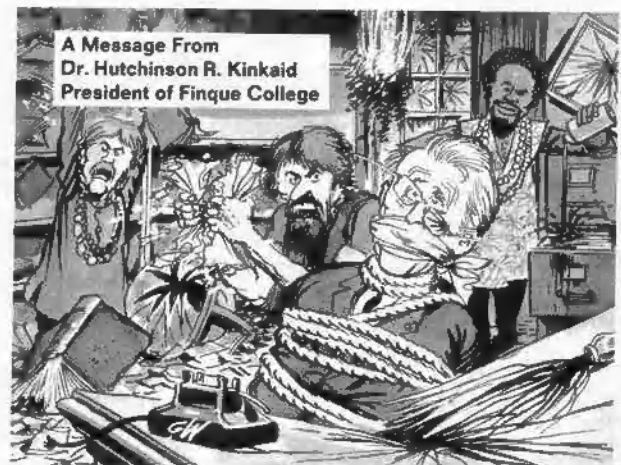
# 1969 CLASS FAREWELLS

## ALMA MATER

By Ravi Ravnick  
Chairman of the Students  
of the New Left



Finque, Finque, Finque,  
You quagmire of stultified  
Establishmentarianism  
Whose grasses were polluted  
By the blood-stained boots of the fuzz  
When they crushed my fragile body  
But spared my brain  
So that it could be numbed by  
Chaucer and Donne and Darwin  
When my heart cried out for Che!  
Finque, Finque, Finque,  
You offer me a diploma,  
A scrolled symbol of oppression,  
Printed by the very same men  
Whose money-hungry hands  
Also printed my Draft Card  
On the vile paper processed from trees  
Destroyed to make room for super-highways  
That led Reagan to Sacramento  
And Nixon to Washington?  
Well,  
shove  
it,  
Alma  
Mater!



To Anybody:

HELP!!!

Is something bugging you? Well, don't just sit there turning purple with anger and frustration!

REGISTER YOUR PROTEST!  
START AN AVALANCHE!!

JOIN THE GREAT  
**MAIL-IN**

WITH  
PRE-WRITTEN

  
**"GET  
MAD"**  
**POSTCARDS**

YOU GET 12 OF THEM AS A  
FREE FULL-COLOR CUT-OUT BONUS  
IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL!



HERE IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF THE 12 FREE "GET-MAD POSTCARDS" INCLUDED

Front View



Back View

Back View of the postcard. The text on the left reads: "Dear Servant of the People: Since your election, you have certainly compiled a fantastic record of achievement for yourself! NOW... how about doing something for US for a change!!". The right side of the card has a box labeled "A 'GET-MAD' PICTURE POSTCARD" and a smaller box labeled "PLACE STAMP HERE". Below these are lines for an address, starting with "TO:".

Side View

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADDRESS AND MAIL IT TO A DESERVING STATESMAN!  
AND YOU GET 11 MORE... PRE-WRITTEN AS BITINGLY AND READY FOR MAILING...  
PLUS THE USUAL PILE OF ARTICLES, AD SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE... IN

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EDITION OF  
**THE WORST FROM MAD**

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTANDS... AND EVEN AT THE ONES YOU HATE!



**WHAT IS THE  
ONE UNHAPPINESS  
ALMOST ALL  
MODERN PARENTS  
ARE SURE TO  
SHARE WITH  
THEIR CHILDREN?**

## **HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN**

As parents watch their children growing up in this modern, fast-changing world—sharing all of their joys and sorrows—there is one painful episode almost all of them can count on. To discover what this misery is, fold page in as shown:



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A ▶**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**◀ B**

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**MOST MODERN PARENTS ARE ANXIOUS TO KEEP  
A HAPPY RELATIONSHIP WITH THEIR KIDS. BUT IRRATIONAL CONFRONTATIONS ARE EVEN SURPRISING  
EXPERTS, TAXING BOTH THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND PATIENCE**

**A ▶**

**◀ B**



# **A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE**

**"THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER"**

